CHICAGO Gang Wars in Pictu

marks the Spot

ompany

To Chas. Fackler—

Chicago, in her 100
years of progress, has
borne many crosses,
but none greater than
the cross that
marks the 8 p.m. X to
my co-worker in dear
old city pass —

Hal Andrews

Sept 9. 1933
(Postmaster Chicago)
Western Union

X marks the spot

Here you have the first actual photographic story ever published of the world famous beer wars of Chicago Gangland. It begins with the murder of "Diamond Jim" Colosimo at the dawn of prohibition, and it continues on up through the years, death by death, until the killers of Gangland finally graduated from murder to massacre on St. Valentine's day, 1929, and more recently hit one below the belt by assassinating Alfred "Jake" Lingle, a newspaper reporter. With the country-wide publication of the massacre photograph, public indifference to Gangland's crimes came to an abrupt end. The work of destroying organized crime in Chicago began determinedly, coldly, sternly. To use a phrase borrowed from Gangland, the exponents of the "gat" and the machine gun are today being "pushed around" by Decency and Integrity, and they must surely fall into the abyss of oblivion. What has brought about this uprising? More than any other single factor has been the wide and unceasing publicity given to Gangland's activities. It was this fact that gave the authors the idea for this book. Newspaper reporters of long Chicago police experience, they realized that any book showing the criminals of Boozedom as they really are would necessarily be one of brutality and blood and horror. Only in such a book could it be done. X Marks The Spot is the result. In its terrible Truth, this book will become of tremendous value in obliterating gangsters from the Chicago scene. The publication of death pictures in newspapers is becoming more common every day. Editors have at last realized the terrific force a death picture can exert, particularly in driving home the lesson that the underworld has present day civilization in its grip. The ultimate good of the death picture far outweighs the shock that it may have on a certain delicate emotional segment of the newspaper readers. A famous New York newspaper editor commenting in Editor & Publisher recently on the publication of the Valentine massacre picture, declared that "it was a more powerful example of the defiance of law and order by the underworld than could be drawn by twenty-five columns of editorials." In Chicago the tendency to publish death pictures, particularly of slain gangsters, is definite and growing. And the result is the passing of the gangster. It is interesting to speculate on what the effect might have been on crime in Chicago if this tendency had manifested itself on page one four or five years ago. X Marks The Spot publishes those pictures for the first time. The body of the gangster which was blotted out and an X substituted is restored as the camera saw it. You have read the story in countless volumes, now, for the first time you can see it. You will see Chicago crime "put on the spot."

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"HIS FAVORITE POSE"

Here is an excellent likeness of Alphonse Capone, the Big Boy of Chicago Gangland, and the greatest gangster that ever lived. When King Al poses for a photograph which isn't often, he always turns his right cheek to the camera. The left one is disfigured by an ugly scar. Legend has it that Capone was struck by a machine gun bullet when he was a soldier in France.

the BIG BOY

When you look at organized crime in Chicago you first see Alphonse Capone, aptly and accurately described by his vassals of the underworld as the "Big Fellow." You may be sure he is that to them. Gangland's phrases are as full of meaning and as expressive as they are curious and original, and to be the Big Fellow is to be king.

Capone's rise to his present position of undisputed leadership has been swift, remarkable and inevitable; and the complete story of the beer wars of Chicago is his story, his biography. Other more picturesque figures have emerged from the shadowy realm of Gangland since prohibition and the Volstead Act threw it into bloody strife. Dion O'Banion stands out a gaudy figure, and so does "Little Hymie" Weiss, both of whom challenged the rule of Capone for a short violent time, and they looked like Big Fellows while they lasted, but they didn't last. Today it is quite plain that nothing either of them ever achieved in Gangland history possessed finish and perfection in the same degree as did the deft and artistic method by which they were eliminated and laid away. O'Banion and "Little Hymie" and all the others, living and dead, are but thrilling paragraphs and chapters in the rise of Capone. With each successive death Capone stepped on closer to the position where Gangland was compelled to call him the Big Fellow.

Whether you like it or not, and probably you don't, Capone has become a figure of national and even international interest. Reach for your daily newspaper, and you'll find him duly chronicled along with Lindbergh, Will Rogers, Henry Ford, William Scott McBride, Bishop Cannon, Charlie Chaplin, John Gilbert and all the others who romp daily across the front page.

At thirty-three his position has become so firm and secure as the Big Fellow of the underworld that his vast affairs move machine-like even when he can't be on the job. When the Philadelphia gathered him in and laid him away in a of becoming heir trucks hey didn't in the county jail in 1929 his henchmen, ss, em- to him and trained in his methods carried over in when he was freed and had returned to Ch. have beer there was a great celebration in Gangland in ho on- of the Big Fellow. From every province of t's underworld came representatives to a great meet t ing and when it was over they all departed to their rackets crying "All for Al, and Al for All."

With no intention of eulogizing him, Capone unquestionably stands out as the greatest and most successful gangster who ever lived. What is significant is that he is really a gangster, as much so as the celebrated Monk Eastman and Big Jack Zelig of New York. As a youth he was himself a member of their notorious Five Points gang, and the difference between him and all other gangsters is that he is possessed of a genius for organization and a profound business sense. It was Edwin A. Olsen, United States District Attorney, who stated in 1926 that Capone operated on a gross basis of $70,000,000 a year which takes in only his illicit liquor business. What he profits from his prodigious gambling and vice syndicates can only be a speculative matter.

This book looks at King Al purely from an objective standpoint. What goes on under his hat, or under the hat of any of his ilk, is a profound mystery as far as this book is concerned. And, as Capone's public utterances have been few and brief, they have been of little service in revealing his mental processes. Neither is this book interested in the conditions which have made him a supreme sniffler of law and order.

But he is a glamorous figure, an actual part of the American scene. Legends already are springing up around him, fiction writers have found him the inspiration for a vast production of current literature. The magazine stands are aflame with underworld stories and Gangland stories about the man with the gat who wears a tuxedo and has a liveried chauffeur. Over in England Mr. Edgar Wallace has just evolved another thriller, this time in dramatic form, from material hastily gathered during a visit to Chicago. The visit included a crime tour of the city with Commissioner Stege of the detective bureau at his side calling out the spots.

And so this book will take you along the journey traveled by Mr. Capone in reaching his present height. It will show you What and When and How and Where, but not Why. Capone is the world's outstanding gangster and for that reason well worth writing about and looking at. Let's have a look.

"Big" Capone's underworld DEBUT

". . . ello. Iss dis the Beeg Jim Colosimo who is spik? . . . I am ver' glad. Dis iss lettle Jimmy. I am jus callin' you to tell you that I am goin' to keel you someday . . . I don't know just when it will bee, but it will come. Goobye."

The telephone clicked and "charming" Vincenzo Cosmano, perhaps the most perfect type of killer ever produced by Gangland before prohibition and the machine-gun era, had cordially announced to "Big" Jim Colosimo, Chicago's first great underworld king, that the "finger was on him."

In the picturesque argot of the half-world to put the finger on a man is to mark him for death. "Big" Jim Colosimo had had many fingers put on him, but never before had the knowledge affected him like this. It had come at a time when everything seemed going wrong, and he trembled and began to perspire.

Verging on emotional stampede "Big" Jim got in touch with his lieutenant, Johnny Torrio, who, for three years had been handling these matters in a relentless and high-handed manner. When Colosimo had brought Johnny out from New York to be his body guard, he had been able to enjoy a measure of peace and security. The black-handers had been beaten back; now again their sinister correspondence appeared in his mail. "Big" Jim didn't admit it to himself, but he was afraid. Johnny Torrio knew that "Big" Jim was afraid when, on that morning, he called and said to him, "Johnny, perhaps you would like to have another good man to help you?" And Johnny understood and said, "yes."

And so "Big" Jim left Chicago a few days later for New York. Shortly after he returned bringing with him two burly Italians, both of them young men and graduates of the celebrated Five Points Gang of New York, an organization of which Little Johnny Torrio was an alumnus. One of these men was a quiet, furtive chap who called himself Alphonse Capone, and the other was Frankie Yale. Alphonse had come to stay; Frankie would leave just as soon as he had finished a special assignment. Well, the special assignment had to do with Signor Cosmano, the boy who always called his shots.

A few days later a big automobile whirled round a corner at high speed. On the corner Jimmy, foolishly enough stood taking the air. There was a terrific roar, and Little Jimmy fell to the cement, his body full of lead. Writhing in pain he was taken to the hospital by the police, who camped outside his door, intending to grab him if death didn't, and death didn't. But, neither did the cops.

Little Jimmy was a Sicilian and he had many Sicilian friends who thought well of his talents and were distressed that the law might store him away. In desperation they took the matter up with one "Big Tim" Murphy, a powerful union official and underworld character from the "back-o-the-yards" district.

"What can we do for Little Jimmy?" implored the agitated Italians. Mr. Murphy was silent for several minutes thinking. Then he said curtly and without a smile: "Go up and take him." And they did.

And there you have the debut in Chicago of Alphonse Capone who was to rise to a towering position as the "Big Fellow" of the underworld in less than a decade. A great many of the local citizenry will tell you today that the debut of Capone together with the advent of prohibition was the worst "break" sustained by Chicago since the great fire.

His first job then was that of a body guard for Colosimo. In order to better understand him it is necessary to examine the new background in which the vice lord had established him. "Big" Jim laid the foundations upon which Capone was later to build his mighty underworld empire. At the time of young Capone's arrival Colosimo was the master of the notorious old levee district. His principal interests were syndicated vice, syndicated prostitution and syndicated gambling, a fact unknown by many who believe organized crime to be a recent phenomenon in Chicago.

Colosimo's first appearance in the old levee district had been twenty years before when he was only seventeen years old. His first job was as a street-sweeper. It was the cleanest he ever held. More cunning than intelligent, something of a fist fighter and, above all, peculiarly talented in the art of making friends, young Colosimo soon became immensely popular with his countrymen who represented a majority of the population. The politicians in the old levee soon found Colosimo and marked him for their own. Smart "wops" like him were much in demand to keep political machines running smoothly. From then on young Colosimo's rise in the underworld was rapid. The step from street-sweeper to bawdy house proprietor had been easy and within a few years he had gathered in a half-dozen such places together with a few gambling dives and two cafes. The secret of it all was that he could sway the voting population at will. Politicians curried his favor, the big shots among them soon heard Colosimo telling them, instead of asking them. No one dared molest the brothels, the gambling hells and opium joints owned or controlled by him, and as early as 1915, the year he summoned Johnny Torrio from New York, he had become a law unto himself, a maker and breaker of political aspirations, a man of countless friendships and, alas, of countless enemies.

As he acquired wealth the black-handers began to torture him with their demands and threats. Torrio, as we have said, was effective in dealing with these sinister groups, and he not only brought a measure of content and security to "Big" Jim, but his presence in the underworld seemed to cause another wave of prosperity to sweep over the underworld domain. "Big" Jim's evil business interests began to expand. Vice and crime crept slowly into new territory, principally the great steel and industrial centers of the South Side.

With the adept Johnny at his side plus the heaviness of advancing age, Colosimo began to manifest symptoms of indolence. Feeling safe once more from stray bullets and powder bombs, he took things easy. Important matters were left entirely to capable Johnny. Colosimo did not stir himself even in the great reform period when the battering ram of public sentiment began tearing wide holes in the old levee district. But Johnny took care of matters pretty well, and continued to operate by the simple expedient of retiring into the buffet flat and the call house.

Colosimo was plainly in decline, and his inactivity was regarded with a cold eye by his companions and the politicians. Lassitude took firmer hold on him as the days passed, and Colosimo spent most of his days just sitting in his huge ornate cafe dreaming contentedly.

Meet Mr. Ike Bloom, manager of "The Mid-Night Frolics" a popular whoopee joint in Chicago located just around the corner from Colosimo's cafe. Ike was an old friend of "Big" Jim Colosimo.

People began to talk, and what they said, in effect, was that Colosimo wasn't really so hot after all and that the real smart guys, the brains behind the throne were really Johnny Torrio and that relentless aid who was always with him, Alphonse Capone. And they were right.

The Golden Era, otherwise known as prohibition, went into effect on July 30, 1919. It made a swell law to break, the very best one on the book. Torrio and Capone were just pushing Colosimo into this highly lucrative business and showing him some excellent methods by which the law could be smashed when the end came for him.

This unhappy event brings us back to Colosimo's tendency to take life easy, to keep his eyes closed. It takes us to his cafe which operates to this day at 2126 South Wabash Avenue. His death requires that [illegible] of becoming one of the loveliest women who ever had the [illegible] heir trucks to have her name mentioned in connection with [illegible] hey didn't world. Miss Dale Winter, church singer, musica[illegible] star, and, for a few days, Mrs. Jim Colosimo. [illegible]ss, em-

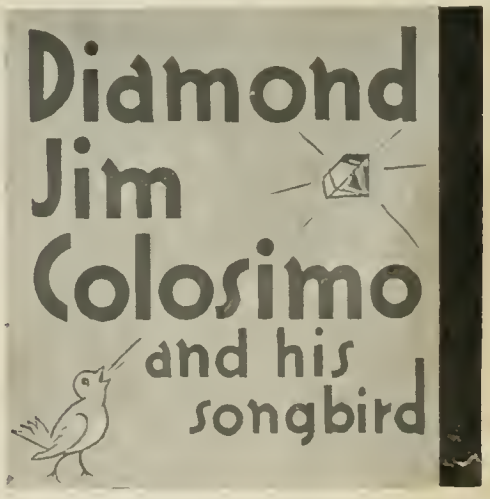
The underworld lord found Miss Winter a s[illegible]ver in actress, ambitious to further her vocal studies, and [illegible] have to sing in his cabaret in order that she might make e[illegible] beer money to realize her dream. Her appearance in his [illegible]ion- was a disagreeable sensation in the underworld. Obviou[illegible]t's she didn't belong there and what did the king mean [illegible]st thus associating with respectability?

But Colosimo was more than interested in the beautiful singer who stood nightly beside the piano and the orchestra and sang to panders, dope peddlers, bootleggers, thugs, and plug uglies. Colosimo was in love with her and, for the first time in his life, decent impulses began to stir in his curious and contradictory nature.

The presence of Miss Winter in Colosimo's cafe had its effect, for the gentry of the underworld who had used it for years as their favorite rendezvous began to absent themselves as vermin before an exterminator. She seemed to renovate the place by her very presence and, more important, she seemed to renovate Colosimo himself. More and more absorbed did Colosimo become in his love for the tiny flower of a woman. He had broken definitely with his wife, despite the importunities of his friends and countrymen.

Under the delicate hand of Miss Winter the cafe, once a perfect example of what money without taste can perform, was transformed into a place of beauty. It became a popular and delightful place in which to spend an evening after the theater. The food was excellent, the music good and the singing of Miss Winter, the hostess, marvelous.

A decent element soon occupied the tables and chairs where once the denizens of the underworld were to be seen, and Colosimo's Cafe became a show place, visited by many celebrities including Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, Florenz Ziegfeld, and opera singers from the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The reputation of Colosimo's Cafe extended far and wide, and it became one of those places in Chicago you simply couldn't afford to miss seeing.



A rare photograph of "Big" Jim Colosimo and his wife, Dale Winter, taken shortly after their marriage. Note the laced shoes. Colosimo, over-lord of the Chicago nnderworld for twenty years, engaged Capone as his body guard when Alphonse was only a yonngster.

the KING DIES

"Big" Jim Colosimo as the photographers and police found him a few minutes after an expert killer deposited several bullets in his head. The assassination took place in Colosimo's ornate cafe.

Colosimo changed too, but not so definitely as did the cafe. Dale Winter, devoutly in love with him, worked long and assiduously to make a fine gentleman out of him and she did wonders, considering the material. But even in riding togs, in evening clothes, "Big" Jim retained some of the odor of the underworld.

The transformed Colosimo lost caste with the underworld. It was plain that the king had gone wrong, and in the dumps and dives honeycombed throughout the old levee district there were whispers that the finger was again on Colosimo. And it was. And this time neither Little Johnny nor Capone could avail him anything.

On March 29, 1920, Colosimo divorced his wife, Victoria, and on April 16 he was married to Dale Winter. The ceremony was performed in Indiana and the underworld lord with his bride went honeymooning at an Indiana resort. The newspapers smoked with the story of his marriage and there was a great flare of excitement, except of course in the underworld. Colosimo's new found happiness lasted however only twenty-five days. He met his doom on May 11, shortly after he and his bride had returned to Chicago.

Death came mysteriously and suddenly in the lobby of his cafe on a sultry afternoon whither he had gone hurriedly in response to a mysterious telephone message. The mystery of his assassination has not been solved to this day. Thirty persons were questioned at the time and among them were Capone and Torrio. It was all a waste of time, even the long session the police held at headquarters with Little Jimmy Cosmano who came forward voluntarily. Miss Winter dropped out of the underworld at once without making any claims even to the estate of her husband.

And so King Colosimo who was growing respectable came to an inevitable end. Johnny Torrio stepped forth. As Johnny had eclipsed his boss, soon too was Capone to eclipse Torrio. The end of Colosimo, you might say, was the beginning for Capone. He and Torrio began doing things in a big way as we shall see.

the BEER FRONT

Johnny Torrio and Al Capone soon had the prohibition law looking silly. All the power built up by "Big" Jim Colosimo over a period of twenty years was inherited or appropriated by them and, in their hands, it became an excellent instrument with which to make the city all wet. Under Colosimo the politicians had done business with the dapper Johnny and they had put him down as a "right guy," and so Johnny had no trouble in placing large handsful of dough here and there where it would mean something. As for personnel, Johnny and Al could muster a small army of pimps, panders, thugs, come-on men, bouncers, pick-pockets and other vermin already employed in the dives and bawdy houses owned or controlled by them. This talented array was available at a moment's notice to exert themselves in the beer cause, provided, of course, the beer belonged to Johnny and Alphonse.

The next step in the beer scheme was to acquire a few breweries. Johnny laid hold of two or three, but they weren't enough. He went shopping again, this time northward to the Gold Coast where respectability slumbered. At the magnificent residence of a respectable gentleman, ostensibly a retired brewer, Johnny presented his proposition, emphasizing his political pull, and, most of all the fact that if he, the ex-brewer, would contribute the half-dozen or more idle breweries owned by him, nobody need know a thing about it. The ex-brewer could retain the "ex" as far as the straphangers would ever know for, in case of any trouble, Johnny would take the rap.

While Johnny was forming this famous partnership he was not a little dismayed to learn that two other ambitious gentlemen who were not at all averse to turning a hot dollar here and there in the new racket had got a running broad jump on him. These were Frankie Lake and Terry Druggan, products of the Old Valley District, who were to become famous in the annals of Gangdom as the Damon and Pythias of the beer barons. Buddies as boys, they had got their early training under the tutelage of the notorious Paddy "The Bear" Ryan and had become adept as wagon thieves, which is to say they could pry merchandise loose from trucks and delivery vans while these were in motion. When the Golden Era of prohibition dawned Frankie had become respectable and was holding down a job of putting out fires as a city fireman. At the time Torrio, with only one or two beer manufactories of his own, was trying to annex enough to make a good showing, Terry and Frankie were operating as many as six or seven. Their first brewery had been acquired through one Richard Phillips, a partner in Colosimo's Cafe after the death of "Big" Jim. From the aforementioned ex-brewer they had acquired a little later the Gambrinus, the Standard, the Hoffman, the Pfeiffer and the Stege Brewing Companies.

And so Frankie and Terry must be remembered as the boys who administered prohibition in Chicago its first swift kick in the hip pocket. They produced the first barrel of amber after Volstead and they owned the first trucks and vans that moved over the streets. They were smart, too, and were horrified at the prospect of becoming embroiled in any rough stuff. When one of their trucks was appropriated, as occasionally happened, they didn't oil a gat or reach for a machine gun.

When the toughest beer-runners in the business, employees of theirs, wanted to explode an automatic over in the O'Donnell territory, Terry and Frankie would have none of it. "Klondike" O'Donnell bought most of his beer from them anyway, so why not let him steal one occasionally. "What the hell," chorused Terry and Frankie, "It's only one load anyhow, so why bother about it. We'll just draw a lot of heat on ourselves if we rap those guys. Let 'em get away with it this time." And so no blood was shed for which Frankie and Terry were responsible. They continued on pleasant terms with "Klondike" O'Donnell, and shook hands with him when he backed up his trucks to their breweries and bought his beer for distribution. Even when the war broke out Terry and Frankie made desperate efforts to preserve neutrality, and in a measure succeeded.

Torrio's vast political drag under the administration was a convincing argument, and he induced the ex-brewer to sign on the dotted line, stipulating however that he was to retain the title of "ex" which meant that Torrio was to be the front. He would remain incognito behind Torrio's coat-tails should there be any trouble. It will be interesting to tell you that there was trouble and a long time later the ex-brewer was yanked from behind the aforementioned coat-tails. It required the combined efforts of two great newspapers to perform this feat, however. One of them, an afternoon newspaper, appeared one fine day with a mystery thriller in which the whereabouts of the ex-brewer was suggested although his name was not mentioned. This so irritated the Chicago Tribune that Mr. Joe Stenson was unceremoniously uncovered and tossed roughly right out onto page one where he was well fried on both sides.

But to return to earlier and happier days for Mr. Stenson, it may quite possibly be that he regarded the partnership with Johnny Torrio with misgivings and a sinking heart. Johnny had an unsavory reputation, and Mr. Stenson might have had an impulse to tell Johnny to go straight to our beautiful lower regions. Instead of thus speaking however, he did the next best thing which was to stipulate that there was to be no gun-powder competition between him and the Druggan-Lake interests. Torrio acquiesced and all gentlemen, Frankie, Johnny, Terry, and Joe, walked hand in hand up to the beer front.

One of the few photographs in existence of Johnny Torrio, successor to "Big" Jim Colosimo. This one was taken shortly after Torrio had found Gangland too tough for him. A settled chill in his feet inspired him to scamper off to Italy where he could be out of range of the automatics and machine guns of "Little Hymie" Weiss.

Before long a score of breweries were operating day and night as in the good old days. Hoodlums, armed with automatics, sawed-off shot guns and other weapons, aided sometimes by the police guarded great convoys as they rumbled over the cobble-stones. So rapidly were they brought up to the beer front that Chicago soon found itself dotted with seven or eight thousand speakeasies, and the customers were lapping 'em up at twenty-five cents a stein, proving again that the public pays and pays and pays. Access to these thirst clinics sometimes involved short walks down alleys and the presentation of credentials, but more often all that was involved was a thirst and a quarter.

Johnny and Al charged fifty dollars a barrel for beer and protection, the latter item being most important because no

speakeasy can exist for fifteen minutes without full knowledge and consent of the police captain in whose precinct it may be located. And Johnny and Al, great contributors to the administration's war chest, were in a position to sell protection. They soon had the entire city mapped out in a systematic way, with certain definite territories alloted to the various groups. Punishment came swiftly to those who were unwise enough to violate any of the rules, for Johnny and Al established their own enforcement agencies, and there were skull-cracking crews, beer-running contingents, and regular staffs of killers. It was a great system, and when Johnny or Al told you to "laugh that one off" you didn't laugh. Even when the organization was operating with a maximum of smoothness and order there was always a little killing or beating up job to be taken care of, and Johnny and Al had it done as a routine matter. But despite all this perfection of organization the business was getting tougher every day, and Little Johnny looked upon the tell-tale signs with misgivings. His booze syndicate was causing him more trouble every day, and he began to wonder if someday these persistent little flares of revolt might not grow into a consuming conflagration. The booze business had brought him into contact with a different breed of tough guy from the pimp and the pander and the pickpocket associated in the vice business. An occasional murder was all right, but the casualties brought on by this new business were too many. Johnny's weekly payroll, estimated at more than $25,000, included a breed of individual who had personal courage and plenty of it. Burglars, second story men, safe-crackers, sluggers for labor unions, had gone into the liquor business feeling that it afforded them a chance to go straight for the first time in their lives. The obvious rewards lured them to a frenzy comparable to that of the adventurous spirits who joined the gold rush of '49. Johnny knew that the money they were making was bad for them, but there could be no salary reductions. A hoodlum with a thousand bucks loose on the community was a dangerous man, especially when he went out to play.

Alas, Johnny saw that conditions were not the same as in the old days, when he could slap a pimp in the face with his fist and get away with it. Let him try that stuff on such vassals as Dion O'Banion over on the North Side, or Frankie MacEarlane and his barb-wire kid brother, Vincent, or Joe Saltis, or Lefty Koncil, or "Little Hymie" Weiss, or Schemer Drucci or Red Hoban. Oh yes, let him forget himself with those lads!

The Big Boy doesn't seem to be disturbed if you believe the smile on his face in this picture. It was snapped down in Miami, Florida, just after he had bounced out of a courtroom. "It's persecution, not prosecution," says Al.

Except for the O'Donnell gang on the South Side, led by the astute "Spike" O'Donnell, the underworld realm seemed fairly content under the iron rule of Johnny and Al. Their toughest lieutenant, Dion O'Banion, operating on the North Side, seemed to be a "right guy," but Little Johnny secretly expected a break with him any day. The powerful Genna brothers over in Little Italy were a surly, vain-glorious lot but still loyal. Joe Saltis and Frank MacEarlane also on the South Side were desperate babies and had already caused Torrio much embarrassment with the loop politicians with their battles against the O'Donnells. The newspapers had sizzled with accounts of the killing of Jerry O'Connor, one of "Spike's" boys, which had happened on September 7, 1923. Of course Jerry had to go; he had been raising too much hell with good customers and that was why Torrio's tough boys put him in a horizontal position during a surprise affray in the saloon of Joseph Kepka. It was too bad that "Spike" had been missed, for the shooting of Jerry seemed rather to intensify matters. Torrio regretted, for business reasons, the slaying of George Bucher and George Meeghan, who were O'Donnell men, but then it couldn't be helped. They had been talking too much about revealing the slayers of Jerry, so there was more banging and these boys folded up in death after a cloud of lead had cracked into their automobile. That was on September 17, and Torrio had a most uncomfortable time of it when a few weeks later the state's attorney, Robert E. Crowe, brought about the indictments of Frank MacEarlane, Thomas Hoban and Danny McFall. But the most disturbing murder was that of Thomas (Morrie) Keane, on December 1, 1923. "Morrie" and a companion beer-runner William "Shorty" Egan, for "Spike" O'Donnell were returning from Joliet with a truck load of beer. "Spike" had been backing his trucks up to the breweries of Frankie Lake and Terry Druggan, both Torrio boys as we have seen, but the $45.00 price was too high, and Keane and Egan, were merrily returning to Chicago with seventy barrels of brew from a brewery which "Spike" was trying to purchase when they were hi-jacked. Ordered to get into an automobile, Keane and Egan dutifully did so. They were bound securely and sat in the rear seat for a few minutes as the car speeded down the lonely highway wondering at their fate. Suddenly they got it. One of the men in the front seat, believed to have been Frank MacEarlane, turned round, and emptied an automatic into them.

POLICE BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO

Maxwell Street Station.

Detective Headquarters

Old Criminal Court Building

The New Criminal Court Building.

They were then tossed out into a ditch, in a locality known as Beer Cemetery. Keane was dead probably before he hit the earth, but Egan, with half a dozen wounds, crawled for miles crying for help. Finally he got into the Palos Park Golf Club just at dawn. Believing himself dying Egan told the only employee there at that hour that he was a bootlegger in the service of "Spike" O'Donnell. MacEarlane was arrested and held in a hotel for a few days before being released. Under pressure, however, indictments were returned in which were named Joe Saltis, Willie Channel, Johnny Hoban, Ralph Sheldon and Willie Niemoth and MacEarlane. Incidentally they were tossed into the wastebasket four months later.

All this was bad business and Torrio shuddered to think of the future with all of these tough boys doing their stuff. Johnny made no public estimate, but if he had it is doubtful if he would have fixed the number of gangsters to bite the sawdust in the next couple of years at more than 300.

George Meeghan, early casualty South Side Beer Wars.

"Spike" O'Donnell could not be brought into the fold, although peace was offered him. "Spike" had come from a fighting family back-o-the-yards district and had a few friends in the city hall himself, but his drag was puny and insignificant compared to that of Little Johnny. But he would not be brought to terms, and for a long time this word could be heard in Gangland: " 'Spike' O'Donnell will never make another dime in the racket. He's ruined everybody else, and now they're going to gang against him."

In the investigations that followed the murder of Keane, charges were made that the police were persecuting "Spike" and his boys, while the Torrio mob went undisturbed. But "Spike" had some influence, and, although he and his brothers were arrested and jailed several times, and two of them indicted, there was to come a change in their fortunes. As we have seen the great factor in Torrio's power was the vast political influence he wielded, but in 1923, the people of Chicago, becoming bored with William Hale Thompson, blew him out of office, placing in his stead William E. Dever. This brought panic to the underworld; the vast system was shot to pieces; no speakeasy proprietor knew just whether he was "in" or "out"; Torrio worked desperately and frantically to "fix" the situation, and he went about with great handsful of dough in an effort to bring order again to his realm; he was only partially successful.

This change in the administration and its consequent disaster to Torrio's machine gave "Spike" O'Donnell the break he needed, and he again instituted terroristic proceedings in the realm of Torrio. His particular field was that controlled by Joe Saltis and Frank MacEarlane. Saltis and MacEarlane, now that Torrio's power was a doubtful quantity, operated on the South Side for themselves. As a matter of fact conditions were so precarious that every man or rather every gang realized that until Torrio could "fix" things, every man was for himself. Torrio was working to bring about the fixing, but he realized that he was up against the greatest job of his vicious career. Over on the North Side Dion O'Banion and his inseparable companion, Samuel "Nails" Morton were growing in strength and power, and Torrio could see that unless he could get a better grip on his connections, there would be trouble from that source. At this period the government annoyed Torrio by "knocking off" a brewery

The Damon and Pythias of Boozedom and their playgrounds. (1) A typical "Valley" district scene where Terry Druggan and Frankie rose to fortune in the beer business. (2) Frankie and Terry themselves. (3) In manufactories like this one, the Beer Barons made it for $3.50 a barrel and sold it for $45. (4) Where "Spike" O'Donnell used to appear with his trucks.

from time to time. In October, 1923, he was fined for illegally manipulating a brewery transfer, and the strain was too much on his over-taxed nerves. Incidentally it was in this period that Mr. Joe Stenson, aforementioned, was shocked to find his name and address published on page one of the newspapers.

The harassed Torrio began now to show definite signs of weakening. Instead of remaining on the job at this period as he had planned, he decided to take a vacation. And, for the next six months he was out of the city. Part of his vacation was spent in Europe and in Italy, the place of his birth. In Italy he purchased a great villa for his mother.

He returned in March. This period marks the date of his decline, just as it marks the beginning of the rise to power of his lieutenant, Al Capone. As Torrio had grown superior to Colosimo, so had Capone grown superior to Torrio. It is extremely doubtful that Torrio would have bothered to return to Chicago if he had known what awaited him. The beer war was about to begin. Blood was to be poured into the beer. The shooting that can still be heard round the world was to break out in the Beer War.

The "heat" in Chicago during those days of cold March, 1924, was intense for all gentlemen of the gat and the machine gun. When Johnny came slinking home there were no processions or celebrations in honor of the event. Matters in the Torrio-Capone camp were too grave for any display. Newspapers were smoking with propaganda against their rule. "The man with the gat" must go, they cried; Chicago must wrench itself free from the grip of crime. The attitude of Mayor Dever was conducive to a cleanup. His chief of police, Morgan A. Collins, was a fearless man of the highest integrity. He was anathema to Torrio, whose strongest point of political contact was in the state's attorney's office.

Immediately after his return to Chicago Torrio summoned his adherents to a meeting place in the Metropole Hotel on South Michigan Boulevard, where the most important matter discussed was that of holding their own in Cicero whither Torrio had moved headquarters sometime earlier by comparatively peaceful methods. Cicero, a western suburb, soon found itself completely over-run by the underworld element. Torrio made it the base of his gambling and beer-running interest, and the town leaped into national fame as one of the toughest spots on earth.

Ingress into Cicero had not been entirely without difficulty however, for now they encountered the West Side O'Donnells, also Valley boys with Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, who looked with envious eyes upon this territory. The squabbles between the Torrio-Capone and West Side O'Donnells were of comparative unimportance however until late in 1925 when William McSwiggin, an assistant state's attorney was murdered one evening when spending an evening with the O'Donnells. But there were frequent disturbances, splitting of skulls, bombing of speakeasies, and general trouble over customers. Another obstacle in the path of Torrio was Eddie Tancl, a native of Cicero, who dabbled in the illicit liquor traffic and was the proprietor of a cabaret in Cicero. Eddie regarded the advance of the O'Donnells and the Capone-Torrio outfit with hostile eyes, and he was to die for his unfriendliness a few months later.

On the eve of the Cicero election a second meeting of the Torrio-Capone gangmen was held, this time in the Four Deuces Saloon, 2222 South Wabash, owned by Capone. Every-ready Al stepped forward with the request that the business of swinging the election be placed in his capable hands. And it was. The election became a riot, the day was saved for Gangland, but Al lost his kid brother Frank Capone, in the smoke of a pistol battle with the police. The particular bullet which ended young Capone's career came from a weapon owned and wielded by Sergeant William Cusiack, of the Chicago Police force.

Gangland mourned the passing of Al's brother the next day, instead of celebrating their technical victory at the polls. Torrio with others important in the high councils of his organization visited at Capone's home. Every one of the 123 saloons in Cicero locked its doors by order of his majesty, Johnny, and it was the dryest day in the history of the town, before or after prohibition.

The slaying of Capone together with the hell raised generally during the election, inspired another cyclone of words from the public officials, particularly from State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe. Inquests and investigations tripped up as usual. Alphonse himself testified at the inquest, but after some curious sign language between him and Charles Frischetti, companion of Frank at the time of his death, Alphonse suddenly suffered a loss of memory.

Despite this technical victory, Torrio found conditions in his realm growing increasingly unpleasant. A month after the election another one of his breweries was knocked off and, surprisingly and significantly enough, this time it was done by Chief of Police Morgan Collins and Captain Matthew Zimmer. The brewery was the Sieben Brewery on the North Side. The police attack on it was one of the most beautifully executed jobs which ever a gangster looked upon with dismay. Nobody except the leaders, Collins and Zimmer, knew what was going to happen, hence there was no tip-off. With their uniformed men wondering where and what, Chief Collins and Captain Zimmer led them after midnight to the big brewery where they swooped down on men guarding thirteen truckloads of beer, ready to be convoyed through the streets. The convoy, composed of gang leaders, was arriving in automobiles, and, as each automobile deposited its cargo of gangsters, the police gathered them up. It was a great aggregation and made a swell "who's who" of Gangland. All the big shots were there. King Torrio, Dion O'Banion, "Three-Gun" Louie Alterie, Hymie Weiss and others.

State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe was the logical public official to receive this prize, but, significantly enough Chief Collins delivered it instead to United States Attorney Olsen, a great pain in the neck to all gentlemen of the underworld. When asked why, this ace of policemen, responded vagely that . . . Attorney Olsen had promised prompt coöperation, and despite the fact that it was a police raid, pure and simple, the government was to do the prosecuting.

A curious thing about gangsters is that they never venture out of doors without first "heeling" themselves with plenty of money. Angelo Genna, whose gaudy career, was to end in a few months, was "heeled" to the extent of

Sergeant William Cusiack, of the Central Police Station, one of the outstanding foes of gangsters. Sergeant Cusiack fought in the battle of Cicero and won a great victory by eliminating Frank Capone from this life.

$30,000 when the coroner went through his pockets as he lay dead in a basement room whither he had fled from police. But King Torrio, on this occasion, strangely enough only carried about $23,000 in cash, but it was enough to bail himself and his companion, James Casey, out of custody. O'Banion, caught short remained in jail until professional bondsmen, William Skidmore and Ike Roderick, long associated with gambling and vice in Chicago, could rise earlier than their wont and pry him out with the requisite $5,000.00. Wonder was expressed at the time over the fact that Torrio had not peeled off the $5,000 for Dion. Later events proved that the flamboyant Irishman was in extremely bad odor with the king, and the Sieben fiasco served to bring their long association to just about the breaking point. O'Banion, walking out of the Federal building with Skidmore and Roderick, spoke in no uncertain terms of this man who supposedly told him what was what. "He's a god-dam double-crossing wop," exploded Dion, "and he's turning yellow all over." O'Banion explained that Torrio had bailed Casey out of jail in order to have a body guard en route home. It was quite plain that O'Banion was in revolt.

Jerry O'Conner

For the next few months Torrio engaged himself in Cicero where matters were far from ideal. The O'Donnells were helping themselves to a lot of his customers, Eddie Tancl was defiant to all propositions and overtures, and, on top of it all, the Genna brothers over in Little Italy were whispering at the top of their voices that O'Banion was continuing his efforts to "muscle in" on their territory. Elsewhere in his realm was sporadic warfare. Joe Saltis was having a great time with "Spike" O'Donnell's marauding bands of hijackers, terrorists and killers. Gangsters were being taken for "rides" from which there was no return, saloons and roadhouses were being bombed with increasing regularity. Torrio probably shed no tears during this period when he learned that Walter O'Donnell, was arrested and charged with the murder of Alfred Dickman. Walter, brother of "Spike" virtually clubbed Dickman to death with his fists.

(Upper) Jerry O'Conner, owner of the deserted gambling joint in which Patrick King was killed (lower photo). The play "Seven Keys to Baldpate" had nothing on Jerry's joint. He had given out twenty-five keys to the place, a fact established when the police investigated the King murder. Jerry was a brother-in-law of the Gusenberg brothers, who were slain in the Valentine Massacre.

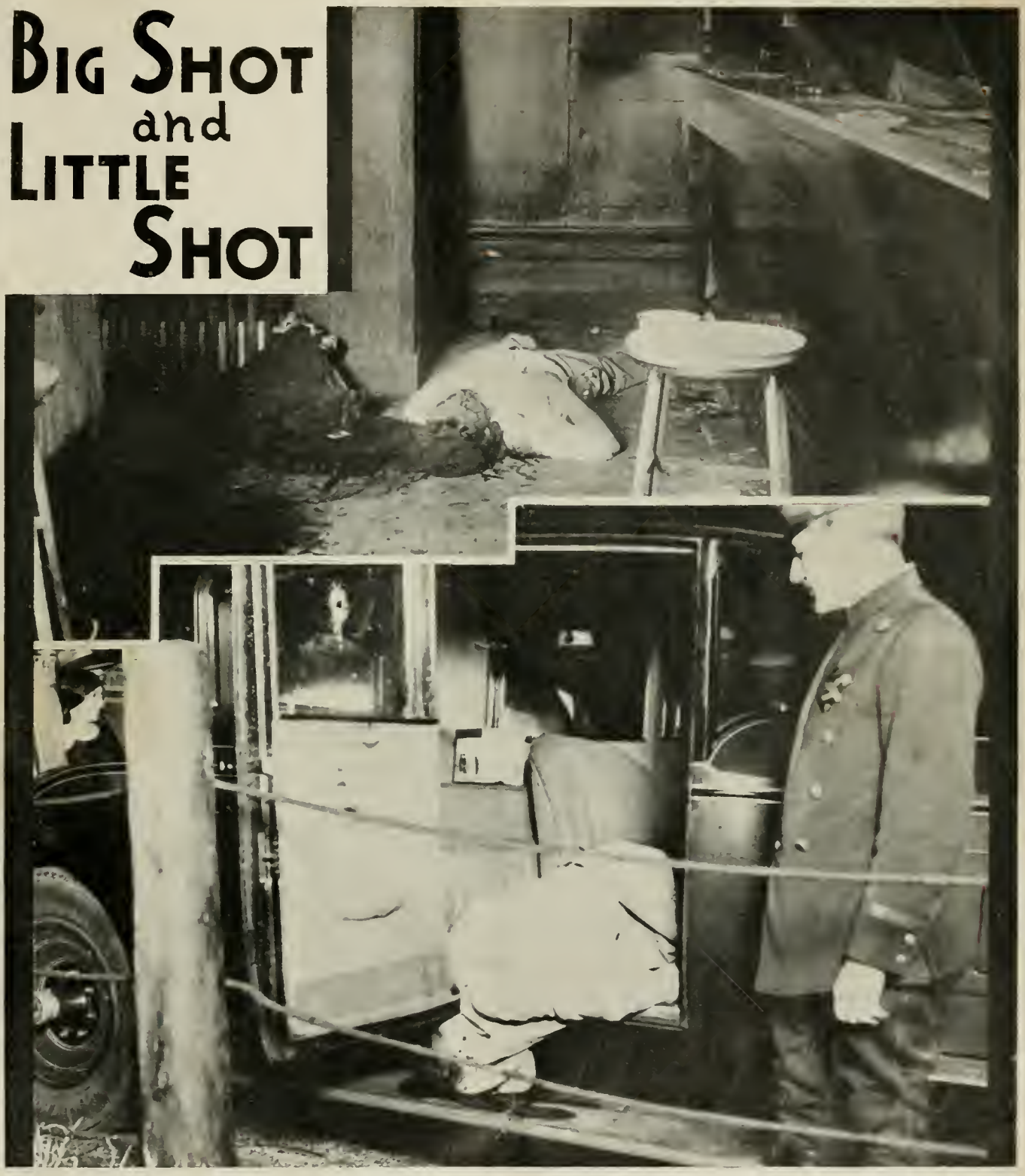
Even the happy and carefree Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake took it on the chin during this troubled period. Having been enjoined by Federal Judge Wilkerson from operating one of their breweries this inseparable pair said "Oh, Yeah" and proceeded to remove large quantities of amber fluid therefrom. One night a squad of prohibition officers descended upon them and Damon and Pythias were brought up before the judge and he told them to go to the county jail for a year. Losing an appeal to a higher court Frankie began serving the sentence, but Terry couldn't see it that way. He set out blithely for California where, months later, he was gathered in and returned to Chicago. He walked through the portals of Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman's lodging house in November.

At this time spies from the North Side reported that O'Banion, in addition to violating the territorial rights of the Genna brothers, was "running off the chin" on the subject of Torrio's power. O'Banion's slogan at this time seems to have been, "To Hell With Torrio." The Gennas were summoned and methods devised to punish the revolting vassal.

After the Cicero election riot. Man in the cap is Charles Frischetti, companion of Frank Capone, (upper right) who was killed in a gun battle with police. Frank was a brother of King Al.

Smiling "Spike" O'Donnell's gang of hoodlums before Joe Saltis began thinning them out. (1) "Spike" O'Donnell and Chief William Shoemaker, (2) Attorney Frank McDonnell, (3) Walter O'Donnell, deceased, (4) Gimp Rosenbaum, missing, (5) "Spike" O'Donnell, (6) James Bucher, deceased, and "Steve" O'Donnell. The tin-can object is one of "Spike's" cars.

BIG SHOT and LITTLE SHOT



BIG SHOT AND LITTLE SHOT

Here's an interesting study in elimination as practiced by the killers of Gangland. Eddie Davis (above) a small-time gangster, apparently was punished for his many sins on the spur of the moment, as he stood in a thirst clinic hoisting a beer. On the other hand the elimination of Myles Canavan (below), big shot gambler, came as the result of long and careful planning. "They" finally caught up with Myles one evening behind his luxurious apartment house on the south side of Chicago.

The underworld lost its most fantastic and picturesque personality and Johnny Torrio lost his most persistent pain in the neck on the morning of November 19, when Dion O'Banion's body, heavier by six balls of lead, fell crashing among the chrysanthemums of his little flower shop at 738 North State Street. This flower shop, intimately connected with some of the most thrilling chapters in the long and bloody story of Boozedom, stands intact today, and the proprietor, William Schofield, stands many customers on the spot where O'Banion fell while he takes orders for flowers. O'Banion, in partnership with Schofield and Samuel "Nails" Morton, used the little shop as a blind for his prodigious criminal activities.

A glad hand artist, an expert at throwing the bull, this paradoxical mixture of ferocity and sentimentality stepped high wide and handsome through the shadowy realm of the underworld for a dozen years, cracking safes, shooting up saloons, terrorizing polling places, figuring in newspaper circulation wars, hi-jacking liquor and thumbing his nose at public prosecutors.

His ability to thumb his nose at public prosecutors, ascribable to his own more or less valuable services to certain North Side political leaders, first attracted the attention of Johnny Torrio when Johnny was looking about for breweries and talented gentlemen to aid him in what was a new and inviting racket.

O'Banion, a typical neighborhood gangster from boyhood, had assembled a formidable gang in the persons of such men as Samuel "Nails" Morton, Louie "Three-Gun" Alterie, "Little Hymie" Weiss, George "Bugs" Moran, Schemer Drucci, George and Pete Gusenberg and other lesser individuals. Torrio and O'Banion came to an understanding and O'Banion's territory was established on the North Side. Presently he had, to use his own expression, stepped up into the bucks. O'Banion's power resulted from the application of methods quite unlike those of Johnny Torrio and Capone. His realm was built on friendship, with pecuniary considerations secondary. O'Banion depended upon his pals, and his pals depended upon him. His death however proved conclusively to the interested spectator, that the almighty dollar furnishes a stronger basis for the relations between organized crime and machine politics than brotherly love. O'Banion was ever-ready to aid and protect anybody in his neighborhood and he knew everybody. The poor looked upon O'Banion as a great and good man, and he never forgot them. Across the street from his flower shop stood Holy Name Cathedral in which O'Banion had been an altar boy. Samuel "Nails" Morton was one of O'Banion's closest friends from boyhood. Morton was dubbed "Nails" when quite a lad because he was that hard. "Nails" served in the World War and emerged with several decorations for bravery and a commission.

Sammy was a great influence on O'Banion's intellectual development, if any. He took his blustering buddy by the hand and led him down the booze trail to prosperity and big dough before Torrio completed the job. In the little floral shop together these two men sat among the carnations and the lilies and plotted such booze robberies as the removal of 5,000 gallons of excellent liquors from the Royal Drug Company on forged permits. Ah! What a swell job that was! Six uniformed policemen aided in the work of loading the liquor onto trucks, and, when the last quart of Old Taylor had been gathered in, Sammy gave the signal and the cops blew whistles and you and me, scurring down the street in our Model T stopped with screeching brakes, while Sammy and O'Banion moved out into the traffic. A great yowl, heard all over town, resulted from that job. The permits had looked all right enough, and they had read all right, but, too late, somebody discovered that they were phony.

"Nails" taught O'Banion to wear dinner jackets and to live in fine hotels and how to use his knife and fork and to be a gentleman. He is given credit for also teaching the blustering Irishman that political pull is more potent for a racketeer on occasions than pistols. "Get the politicians working for you" was a complicated principle which Samuel pounded into O'Banion's head. It is said that "Nails" invented the famous phrase "take him for a ride" by which is meant that traitors, spies, squealers and stool pigeons, were disposed of by being placed in the front seat of an automobile and shot by somebody in the rear seat. Curiously enough "Nails" himself was taken for a ride one Sunday morning, only it wasn't that kind of a ride. "Nails" in riding togs was en route from a stable one Sunday morning to Lincoln Park for a canter. The horse, not knowing what a tough guy "Nails" was, became unruly before they reached the bridle path and "Nails" was thrown violently to the pavement. The horse then stepped on Mr. Morton's head. A few hours later, legend has it, Louie "Three Gun" Alterie, again rented the horse, rode it to a remote spot and then pumped a bullet into the horse's head.

A new story used to appear every day about O'Banion's loyalty to a pal, his bravery, his great love for gun play, his love for his mother and wife, and his "Robin Hood" methods. Here is one on the "pal" theme. In the days before the Golden Era of prohibition O'Banion was not at all averse to sensational holdups. Once he and his mob planned to "take" a certain race track which was about to open, on the West Side. Wind of this came to the promoters, one of whom knew a newspaper man who was friendly with O'Banion. All being native Chicagoans, instead of informing the police, the promoters went to the newspaper man. O'Banion was called by telephone and the newspaper man said, "Say Deany, I want you to do a favor for me." It was okey with O'Banion, even when the newspaper man informed him that the favor meant assembling some of his boys and working as a guard over the till at the race track. Sure enough on the day of the race, O'Banion with a gang of his hoodlums, all armed, stood around the box offices ready for war if anybody attempted to spring anything. Later O'Banion learned from the newspaper man that a fast one had been put over on him but he received the news with great relish.

It will serve to illustrate the important position O'Banion occupied to mention a party given in his honor several days prior to his death. The hosts included the commissioner of public works, the county clerk, half a dozen police lieutenants, and the chief of detectives, Michael Hughes. A diamond studded watch was presented to O'Banion on this occasion. When news of the party got out, there was a great noise and Detective Hughes explained that he had come to the party thinking it was to be given in honor of another, Jerry O'Conner, secretary of the Theater Janitors' Union. "I was framed," said Hughes, "and I got out as quickly as I could."

The unwillingness of O'Banion to take orders from Torrio, plus his ambition to extend his activities into forbidden territory brought about his break with Torrio and—his sensational and sudden death. It is likely that Torrio took O'Banion under his wing as a matter of policy. Torrio put as many boards in his political fence as he could lay hands on and O'Banion represented a wide plank on the North Side. But O'Banion's flamboyant style was irritating to Torrio, and he felt that O'Banion would bring trouble into the realm with his high-handed methods. Torrio was a business man first and a gangster second. O'Banion was a gangster. Torrio would rather bribe a policeman than kill him. O'Banion would rather bribe him too if he didn't want too much. Two policemen once appropriated a truck load of beer belonging to O'Banion and Torrio. They demanded $300 to release it. When he was told this over the telephone by one of the beer-runners, detectives listening in on a tapped wire, heard him say, "Oh, to hell with them guys. I can bump 'em off for half that much." Later, the same voice, told O'Banion that Torrio in the meantime had instructed that the cops be paid the money. "We don't want no trouble," Torrio had said. And there you have the essential difference between Torrio and O'Banion. One didn't want trouble; the other was always looking for it.

The "It" boy of Gangland, Dion O'Banion, and his wife. This is a rare picture of Boozedom's personality boy, taken on the day of his marriage. (Upper right) X marks the spot where O'Banion was killed in his little flower shop on North State Street. (Lower photo) Crowd outside the floral shop just after O'Banion's assassination.

O'Banion first began straining the ties that held him to Torrio by muscling in on the territory allotted to the Genna brothers on the West Side. Warned repeatedly he continued to defy them. O'Banion believed in free speech. He talked often and loudly. He liked to sing too, and no doubt regarded his alley tenor as something quite fine and beautiful. The most injudicious remark he ever made in his long and useless life was directed to Torrio and his Italian henchmen. "To hell with them Sicilians," he said when warned directly from headquarters to stay out of the Genna territory. "You (meaning Torrio) have got your ideas, and I got mine. We'll quit."

And so the inevitable happened. The finger was put on O'Banion, and they killed him and now, six years later, his pals are still trying to avenge him. The death of O'Banion brought more attention to Chicago's underworld and the beer wars than any other dozen deaths. Whereas the other victims of the warfare reached page one of the local prints, O'Banion's murder and funeral filled the wires of the press associations and landed on page one of the newspapers all over the country.

O'Banion was standing in the center of the flower shop busily engaged at the pious business of trimming roses. In the rear of the shop a Negro porter, William F. Crutchfield, was unpacking a crate. Crutchfield later testified that O'Banion had just called to him to sweep up a litter of flower petals at the front of the shop. Fortunately William delayed, probably thus saving his life. For, just as O'Banion uttered these words, three men entered the front door. Crutchfield relates that he heard O'Banion greet them with, "Hello, you boys from Mike Merlo's?" As he uttered these words O'Banion, holding a large pair of shears in one hand, walked toward the three men, one hand outstretched. One of the men, in answer to the greeting, said that he was from Mike Merlo's home. Merlo, an Italian political leader, had just died and it is assumed that O'Banion expected these men there for the purpose

Outstanding members of Dion O'Banion's North Side gang as they looked in the good old days when O'Banion flashed a gat. (1) George "Bugs" Moran, present leader, (2) "Little Hymie" Weiss, killed. (3) Dapper Dan McCarthy, still up and about. (4) Louie "Three Gun" Alterie (sometimes called State and Madison Street Alterie) now living on a ranch in Colorado.

of buying flowers for the funeral. As he reached to shake O'Banion's hand, his companions whipped out revolvers and began firing at O'Banion. The porter relates that there were five shots in rapid succession, then a short pause, and a sixth shot. The sixth shot, fired into O'Banion's head at close range after he had fallen, was extra good measure just to make sure.

Crutchfield relates that he tore out into the front room at top speed, just in time to catch a glimpse of the fleeing assassins. An automobile awaited them, they jumped in, sped to Ohio Street, turned West and disappeared into the maize and blur of traffic. To this day no one has ever caught up with that car.

Earlier in this book it has been related that when Al Capone came to Chicago he was accompanied by Frankie Yale, of New York. Frankie, a tough killer from the Five Points gang, frequently came to Chicago on contract killings. He was adept. So proficient was he as a murderer that he did a lot of it on the side, probably just to keep in practice as he didn't need the money. Anyhow, if you came well recommended, you could buy Frankie's services. All you had to do was to point out the guy you didn't want and slip Frankie the dough.

We bring this up because a lot of the "wise" money maintain to this day that the tall, heavy-set individual who walked up to O'Banion, hand outstretched, was Frankie Yale. Frankie was detained by the Chicago Police a few hours later as he was about to board a train bound for New York. But Frankie had a good alibi. He became a part of the wall of silence against which the words of the police banged in vain. Other parts of this wall, incidentally, were Alphonse Capone and Johnny Torrio. Chief of Police Morgan Collins, explaining why no solution of the murder was forthcoming, stated that O'Banion had been responsible for at least twenty-five deaths in his short career, and that, as a result, a great many people appreciated the fact that he had been put out of the way. Certain it is that the police, including Mr. Collins, wept not over O'Banion's bier. But other thousands did. His funeral set a high mark for those that came after. Nothing had been seen in Chicago quite like it since the final obsequies were made for "Big" Jim Colosimo, when the business of laying him away drew out so many judges and politicians that the affair took on the external aspect of a political pow-wow. O'Banion's funeral scandalized the public. The cortege was made up of twenty-four automobiles all loaded with flowers, one hundred twenty-two funeral cars, and with private cars stretching for blocks. As it wended its way through the streets toward the cemetery a squad of police on motorcycles cleared a path through traffic. The grief-stricken survivors of the O'Banion gang who had been crying their eyes out for days, could hardly wait until the services were over and the $10,000 casket dropped into its hole, in order that they might devote themselves to avenging lovable Dion's death. Louie Alterie, quite beside himself, made a particularly hot remark and one that burned official ears.

"I invite the slayers of my pal to shoot it out with me," cried Louie. "They can name any place, even State and Madison Streets."

Louie who was, as you might infer from this, quite a loud noise, was discovered a few weeks later in the Midnight Frolics' Cafe by Captain Stege of the Detective Bureau. Louie was in his cups and somewhat louder than usual so you can estimate just how loud he must have been. At any rate Captain Stege went up to him and slapped his face.

Let us rush to add however that despite this humiliation which he took without any retaliating gesture, Louie was really a tough guy. He was smart enough to know however, that it just wasn't his play to slap back.

EDDIE TANCL BITES THE Sawdust

The flowers on O'Banion's grave had hardly withered and dropped away from their tinsel frames when another picturesque tough boy of the underworld bit the sawdust. He was Eddie Tancl, a native son of Cicero whose place of refreshment, the Hawthorne Inn was highly popular with his Bohemian countrymen. They assembled in droves there to lift a few and to hear thick-necked Edward discourse authoritatively on the refined profession of prize-fighting in which he, in his salad days, had been engaged with moderate success. The Hawthrone Inn dispensed more beer probably than any fifty of the 150 other thirst clinics in Cicero which was why the O'Donnell boys lay awake nights thinking up ways in which Eddie could be induced to become a stop on their beer-runners' rounds. Eddie however had reluctantly signed up with Johnny and Al, both of whom he regarded with hatred and as tyrants in his own realm. But Johnny and Al had told Edward that he could either buy their stuff or else and so he bought.

"Klondike" O'Donnell, leader of the horde had been quite successful in pushing himself into the preserves of Al and Torrio during the political depression in Gangland, a fact largely ascribable to the talents of the toughs who called him boss. Most of them, like "Klondike" himself, had been labor racketeers before prohibition, and weren't exactly foreigners to Rough Stuff. Some of "Klondike's" boys who were healthy and feeling well at this particular period included his brothers Myles and Bernard, Fur Sammons, James Doherty, Thomas Duffy, Mike Quirk, Johnny Barry and "Rags" McCue. Also, most of these boys are now departed this vale of tears but my, my, what hell they raised before leaving. All of them were tough, but William "Klondike" was tough enough to hold the leadership, although there were times when he had to demonstrate the fact in grisly emphatic ways. There was the sad case of "Rags" McCue who had worked long and faithfully for "Klondike" hustling beer out in the warm Cicero country where a machine gun bullet might have found him any minute. When "Rags" wasn't working he liked to plaster himself with whisky in evil places. Once, on a bender, he found himself with about $1,600 in collections which he had not yet turned over to "Klondike." After the party, which was of several days length, "Rags" reported for work, broke but hostile. He had "spilled" the grand, but what of it? William saw his duty quite plainly. "Rags" must be punished, just as a lesson to his fellow tribesmen. And so "Klondike" whaled in and when he had finished "Rags" was bleeding and helpless. Both arms were broken. Several days later "Rags" appeared at headquartes with his arms in casts. The sight touched William and James Doherty so deeply that they inveigled him into an automobile and took him for a ride and "Rags" never came back. Nice fellows. Four of his henchmen finally became so tough that "Klondike" had to dispose of them in the usual way as we shall see in due time. At this period however he had them pretty well under his thumb.

"Klondike" had just about lost patience with Eddie Tancl.

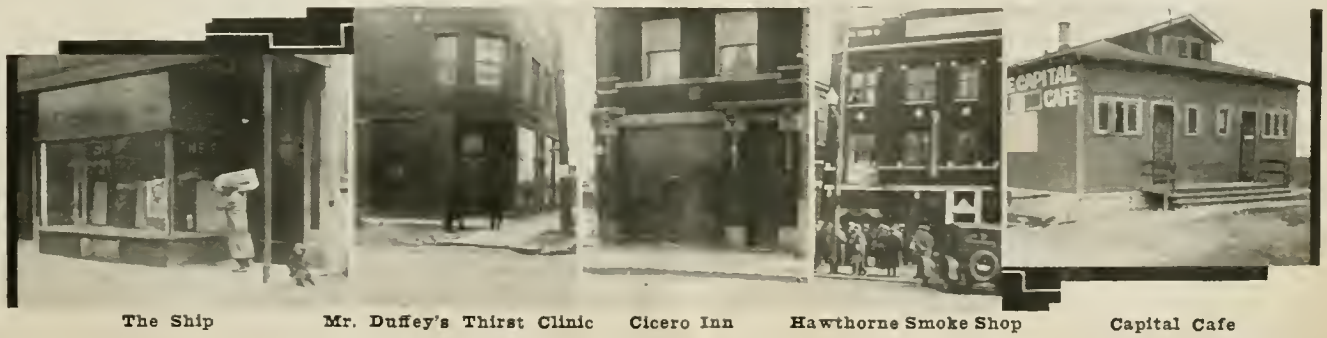
The tubby little Bohemian wouldn't listen to reason, threats, pineapples, or gunpowder. One night as William lay awake trying to find an idea which would bring Eddie around, two of his prized henchmen, James J. Doherty and Myles O'Donnell, dropped into the Hawthorne Inn for a beer. Eddie greeted them affably enough and motioned them to a table which, from his vantage point behind the bar, he could cover with a sharp and alert eye. After about two hours and twelve or fifteen "shells" of the amber fluid, plus several "shots" of whisky, their voices had developed from quiet, gentlemanly, well-modulated tones into what we shall describe as rather loud noise. Eddie, himself, catching the gala spirit and not altogether without a little glow induced by the small ones he had been having with the customers all evening, came over and sat down with Jimmy and Myles. Well, there were a few more drinks, compliments of Eddie, when the conversation drifted into plain shop talk. Jimmy and Myles insisted on deploring the fact that Eddie was getting his stuff from the "grease ball" meaning Mr. Capone or Mr. Torrio.

Maybe Eddie tried politely to change the conversation for they sat there for a long time; but the old subject would return, and, just as the bleak country was growing into rugged outline against a tinted sky, the Sabbath day at Cicero was heralded by a succession of revolver shots. If you had been strolling down the street that morning at that time you would presently have seen two young men, rushing out from the Hawthorne Inn, cursing and brandishing smoking revolvers, and, a few seconds later you would have beheld another individual as he staggered determinedly out of that door. You would have watched Eddie Tancl, more dead than alive, trying to over-take those men, and, horrified you would have watched the little ex-prize fighter's steps grow slower and slower until finally they would move no more—even for a guy as tough as Eddie Tancl.

All of Eddie's shots however did not go awry. A few minutes after it was all over Mr. O'Donnell discovered to his intense surprise that several slugs of lead were imbedded in his tough person, and he was forced to hold long and serious sessions with a surgeon, for many months to come.

The murder of Eddie Tancl was good news to Johnny and Al, although the crude method by which he was dispatched probably illicited contemptuous sniffs from them.

BATTLE FIELDS IN CICERO



The Ship | Mr. Duffey's Thirst Clinic | Cicero Inn | Hawthorne Smoke Shop | Capital Cafe

. . . My, my, what a tough guy was Eddie Tancl! Eddie busted more skulls than John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Corbett combined. When Capone and "Klondike" O'Donnell came to Cicero, however, the first fighting period came to an end, and you see in the photograph Mr. Tancl as he appeared in the ring, in his saloon, and in the morgue.

The O'Donnells and the O'Banions and their breed never could learn murder nicely and cleanly. They lacked style which, incidentally, was extremely fortunate for Johnny and Al although maybe they didn't see it that way.

The murders of two beer barons, O'Banion and Tancl, in the space of a few days was too much gunpowder for the town to take in one dose, and to reduce and soothe the ensuing high temperature of public indignation Messrs. Doherty and O'Donnell were indicted by one of Mr. Crowe's grand juries. The public was assured that these desperadoes would hang. Mr. Crowe pointed to the fact that he had assigned his ace assistant, the "hanging prosecutor" to the case. The assistant's name was William E. McSwiggin.

But there was other gunpowder to be sniffed, this time out on the South Side where the Saltis-MacEarlane and "Spike" were still having at each other on every possible occasion. Several pot shots had been taken at "Spike" and he had missed death so narrowly but so neatly so many times that already the feature writers were making something of the detail. To return the compliment, "Spike" and some of his boys had unsuccessfully tried to do away completely with Mitters Foley, one of Joe's outstanding hard boys. Frankie MacEarlane, finding the town too quiet for his tastes, had gone over into Indiana, where he had got himself indicted for the murder of a roadhouse owner who had done business with "Spike." But Frankie "beat the rap" after a complicated trial. On December 19, two weeks after Tancl's death, the Saltis mob revenged themselves plenty for the attempt on the valuable life of Mr. Foley. They killed two more of "Spike's" boys, Leo Gistinson and Jack Rapport.

EXIT MR. TORRIO

We now come to the last days of Johnny Torrio, the Big Boy who wasn't quite big enough. His song and dance are just about over, and we shall see him presently as he bounces out of his own show, leaving the spotlight entirely to Al Capone who is plenty big, and growing bigger.

After paying his respects to the memory of Dion O'Banion by slinking after midnight into the North Side funeral parlor where the body lay awaiting burial on the morrow, Johnny returned to his bungalow on the South Side with a feeling of uneasiness as to the success of his plans for bringing peace and quiet to gun-shot Gangland. The grieving survivors who had sat around the room in which O'Banion's coffin stood heavily banked with flowers seemed deliberately to ignore him as he had stepped furtively into the room. Maybe they resented the fact that Casey and another body guard of swarthy-complexion were with him. At any rate Johnny, awkward and uncomfortable, had mumbled some asininity to the effect that it was tough that "Deany" had to go, and then had bowed out. Johnny knew his visit had been a complete flop. He had kidded no one, not even the pompous politicians whom he had met there and who had seemed as uncomfortable as he, although for entirely different reasons. His own floral offering, a modest wreath which read simply "From Johnny" had been booted out into the alley, and Al Capone's gaudy tribute too had been kicked to pieces. The spies had rushed to him with this information. Not a single word had been exchanged between him and those chief mourners. But there had been a reply, louder than words. It glittered from the eyes of "Little Hymie" Weiss, and Louie Alterie and "Bugs" Moran, and Vincent Drucci, and Leo Mongoven, and Frankie Foster and all the rest of that surly mob. What it said to Torrio's presence at O'Banion's wake was this: OH, YEAH?

The ancient cynicism that every man has his price had been cherished and worked for all it was worth by Johnny Torrio during his long and successful career as an underworld leader. But keen as was his understanding of human nature, until right now he had never understood so poignantly that alliances formed by Dion O'Banion had been built on something stronger than a bankroll. It was friendship, loyalty and affection. In his ability to inspire affection from his thugs and murderers O'Banion had never been equalled by any leader in Gangland, although Capone himself was later to surround himself with a group of loyal and devoted henchmen.

The murder of O'Banion had struck deeper than Torrio had expected, for now the heart of every follower of the amazing Irishman burned with a consuming fire of revenge, and the result of it was the spectacular elimination of the Gennas and the precipitate flight of Torrio himself to the safety of a jail cell.

Meet "Little Hymie" Weiss, successor to Dion O'Banion, in the days when he was a mere bank robber and tough guy. "Little Hymie" possessed a blow-torch personality as you ought to be able to see from this photograph. "I'll kill you for this," was only part of what he said when this picture was being made.

And now we come to the little blow-torch who stepped up to leadership in the North Side gang. At the grave "Little Hymie" Weiss had wept and vowed revenge, and had said that there would be no leader. "We'll just carry on as one gang," he had said. Of course this was applesauce. Every O'Banion successor knew that "Little Hymie" was something of an extraordinary fellow, brainy and with "guts" and that whatever he might say would go.

Well, "Little Hymie" lost no time in getting into action. A few hours after the funeral he inaugurated the first of what was to be a long series of punitive expeditions into the preserves of Torrio and Capone and the doomed Genna brothers. To the end of his days he always referred contemptuously to them as "grease balls," a phrase he persisted in using even when discussing them with O'Banion. It was Weiss who was the neculi of revolt in the first place, for he nourished a deadly hatred for the Italians which he could ill-conceal. Legend has it that he ordered an expedition of vengeance into Capone-land immediately on his return from the cemetery and before the tears had vanished from his eyes. The tale is probably apocryphal, but "Little Hymie" was capable of impulsive action. It was his ability to get things done in a hurry, that enabled him to swell the profits of his gang until they were all enormously wealthy. In many respects this sardonic Pole was Gangland's most amazing personality and, had he lived he would surely have become the Big Fellow. Weiss was a man of tremendous courage despite his slight stature. He was capable of unbelievable rages, and long periods of moody silence. From the floral shop, above which he had elaborate offices, he could stand on the spot where O'Banion had fallen, and, looking through the huge plate-glass window, see the beautiful facade of Holy Name Cathedral and the famous corner-stone which read:

At the name of Jesus every knee should
Bend in heaven and on earth.

For long periods he would gaze moodily at it and then, turning suddenly on his heel shout a blasphemous order which would send his henchmen scampering into action. "Little Hymie" who had a premonition of an early death, once said that although he didn't expect to live long, he did expect to live long enough. His premonition was a good one, for he was to live but twenty-two months and fifteen days, counting from O'Banion's death.

For more than forty days "Little Hymie" failed to find an opportunity to take a shot at either Signor Capone or Torrio, although he and his men toured their territory almost constantly. And they toured in the finest automobiles that money could buy, and every automobile was equipped like an arsenal. On January 12 spies in the Capone territory whispered to "Little Hymie" that the "greaseball" was pruning himself in front of his hotel, the Hawthorne Arms. Eleven powerful limousines and touring cars glided by the hotel, and from every one of them came a volley of gunfire. But no one was injured, except an old lady who was passing and a small boy, neither seriously. It is said that Al sent $5,000 in bills to the old lady. Every building in the block, however, was sprinkled with lead and neither Torrio nor Capone had to scratch their heads to think who might have made the attack. Hymie had failed, but he still had about 19 months more to live. He

Here is the car in which Johnny Torrio and Mrs. Torrio rode as they were being followed and fired upon by George "Bugs" Moran, "Little Hymie" Weiss and Schemer Drucci.

got busier than ever, and on January 24, 1925, just twelve days later, he and George "Bugs" Moran who were cruising on the South Side, spotted Johnny Torrio and Mrs. Torrio, his Irish wife, driving down the Boul Mich in their limousine with a chauffeur at the wheel. This was sweet! George and Hymie, instructed their chauffeur, "Nigger" Pellar, not a Negro, to make for the "grease-ball." The automobile darted crazily in and out of traffic in an effort to get into a position to "let him have it" but Johnny, who had become cognizant of their presence, was trying to escape. He kept well in front until his automobile finally drew up in front of his little bungalow at 7011 Clyde Avenue, a few blocks from Chicago's aristocratic South Shore Country Club. Johnny jumped from the car, literally dragging his wife out after him. But the savage gangsters were upon him before he had taken a dozen steps. A dozen shots or more were fired. George Moran, afraid he might miss, had placed himself on the running board, and, as the car slowed down he leapt out and, with a gun in each hand, poured lead at the underworld lord. Torrio fell to the cement walk. People were beginning to appear on front porches, heads were sticking out of the windows of apartment buildings. The killers, believing that Torrio was dead, made away at top speed, taking a corner on two wheels.

But Little Johnny Torrio was not dead. As his hysterical wife bent over his prostrate body, he opened his eyes and moaned for a doctor. When one came Johnny again brought himself to consciousness long enough to whisper that the wounds be cauterized. Little Johnny thought of everything. Half-dead and in agony he could remember that the balls of lead which burned in his body might have been rubbed with garlic and that, though the bullets themselves might not kill him, the poison from lead and garlic would. "Cauterize it! Cauterize it!" he moaned everytime he could bring himself up to the marginal of consciousness, and, all the way in the ambulance to the Jackson Park Hospital, the attendants heard this order again and again.

And, as they took him in the hospital on the stretcher, Little Johnny had another bright idea, proving again that he could think of everything. The idea this time was that he be placed in a room away from a window, and far removed from a fire escape. Later he insisted that his own body guard be increased. And it was.

Gangland's favorite Undertaking parlor —a prosperous business.

The newspapers blazed with the story of the attempted assassination. The police came to Johnny's bedside with questions and so did representatives from the office of the state's attorney. "Who did it," they asked, wasting good breath, for Johnny, coward though he was at heart, would not violate law No. 1 in Gangland's code, namely that you must never squawk to a policeman. But they persisted with the questioning. "Don't you know who they were," asked John Sbarbaro, an assistant state's attorney. "Oh, hell," replied Johnny in exasperation, "Of course I know. I'll tell you later." But he never did. Neither could Attorney Sbarbaro pry any information from Capone nor from Mrs. Torrio. "Why should I tell," replied Mrs. Torrio "It wouldn't do any good." Mrs. Torrio knew her Chicago. The amiable Al who stood out in the corridor of the hospital room parrying questions with reporters found it more difficult to repress himself, and once, his emotions bubbled over. "The gang did it, the gang did it," cried Al impulsively and then, as if to kick himself, snapped his mouth shut. When reporters pressed him after this, he too said "I'll tell you later." And he did, but in a curious way as we shall see.

A small boy who had witnessed the shooting of Torrio was shown a picture, taken at the funeral of O'Banion, and he pointed out George "Bugs" Moran as one of the assassins. George, along with other gangsters, was gathered in and again identified by the boy who picked him out from a group of men. Eventually Moran was released on $5,000 bonds (small change to Gangland) and nothing came of the case.

"Little Hymie" had failed to get the "grease-ball" but his attempt had not been in vain. Though he had not killed Torrio, he had killed Torrio's career. What's more he had caused the complexion of Signor Torrio to turn a definite yellow. He had had enough, quite enough. When his wounds had healed, Torrio left the hospital by a side entrance. A vast body guard engulfed him. Torrio had thought of a way by which he could keep clear of any more attacks from "Little Hymie" Weiss. Torrio thought of everything. This time he thought it would be fine if he could go to jail and let the law protect him. You will remember that Little Johnny and O'Banion were arrested together one cold morning in front of the Sieben brewery? Well, there was a Federal "rap" awaiting Johnny on that, and he had decided that it would be useless and wonderful not to contest it further. Indeed, he induced the authorities to let him begin serving his year's sentence on February 7, instead of February 27, the date set by the government originally. And so Little Johnny crept into a jail cell and he "selected" a jail as far away from Chicago as possible. It was in Waukegan, Illinois. The doors of his cell slam shut and we shall see him no more.

Johnny Torrio, the boy who had been known on the old east side of New York as "Terrible Johnny" was terrible no longer. He had had enough. What kind of a life did Johnny lead in the Waukegan cell? He asked and received an "inside" room, and he contrived to lay himself down at night in such a position as to make him inaccessible to the naked eye (and the garlic bullet from the outside). At the end of his sentence, ten months later, he dropped completely out of sight and nothing has been heard in Chicago of him since. One rumor has it that he is somewhere in New Jersey, another that he is in Italy. Our guess is that he is in Italy. It is farther away from Chicago's Gangland.

THEME for a Comic OPERA

Let us now regale ourselves with a performance of Chicago's most famous municipal comic opera, otherwise known as the Cook County jail sentence of Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake. It will be remembered that Terry and Frankie had been assigned to the custody for one year of Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman by Federal Judge James Wilkerson. Well, they have, at this time, been serving that sentence for several months.

How are the merry alchemists who made a million dollars or more over there in the old Valley District bearing up under this affliction? Are they languishing in cells, wondering if the long dull hours will ever pass? Are they trying to endure the terrible monotony of existence by scrubbing the long marble corridors and offices of this municipal institution?

Don't be silly! Terry and Frankie have been granted special privileges by Sheriff Hoffman and his warden, Mr. Wesley Westbrook. It is true that they must undergo the nuisance of answering roll call every morning, but from then on their time is their own and they may come and go as often as they please. Everything was plenty dandy for these princely inseparables until Mr. Druggan, who always had a hasty temper anyway, made one of the gravest errors in his career. Mr. Druggan smacked a newspaper reporter on the nose for making a wise-crack about these privileges, and the newspaper reporter hit him right back with a newspaper article which precipitated a great big investigation in which Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman was probed and pryed, and pryed and probed and the prying and probing was done by none other than Federal Judge James Wilkerson.

When Chicago was first informed of these "special privileges," Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman went out and bought himself a false-face of indignation and surprise. And then, publicly and on page one, he fired Mr. Westbrook, his old friend and warden. So grieved was Mr. Westbrook that, in Judge Wilkerson's courtroom, he broke down and told all, which was plenty. The theme song of his testimony was a waltz to the effect that "the sheriff is to blame."

According to Mr. Westbrook the Sheriff was greatly exercised over the fact that poor Terry and Frankie had to serve a jail sentence at all and he set out, therefore, to make it as easy as possible for them. Special passes at first were issued to friends of the two liquor lords and the jail was an open house to them most of the time. The ex-warden said that Sheriff Hoffman sent word to him that Terry was to be permitted to transact his business while in jail. Other prisoners were not permitted to transact business of course, but, according to the Sheriff, Terry was a fine fellow and lots of men worse than he were running loose around town.

"How did you do it?" asked attorneys when Terry and Frankie were put on the stand. "It was easy," testified Frankie, "we paid for it and we paid plenty." When Frankie said this Judge Wilkerson ordered the arrest of Mr. Westbrook, Hans Thompson, former jail guard who also had been fired, and Henry Foerst, who was secretary to the Warden. It was to these officials, said Frankie, that much money was paid and often.

Thompson, sitting in the courtroom at the time, readily confirmed Frankie's story. "Everybody else got his and I got mine," he said naively. Frankie went on in greater detail. He said that he and Druggan paid $2,000 a month for quarters in the jail hospital which are more desirable quarters than the ordinary cell. The beer barons placed $1,000 in an envelope on the 16th and the last days of each month and left the envelope in a certain room. Then they walked out.

"Once I peeked," testified Frankie, "and I saw Warden Westbrook come in and help himself to the dough." Frankie said that each and every privilege cost them plenty. He said that he paid $100 for permission to attend the funeral of his sister; that it cost him $1,000 to get out of jail for "good behavior" several months before his sentence expired.

Terry and Frankie insisted that neither of them had ever paid any money personally to Sheriff Hoffman, but their gallant gesture didn't mean a thing. Judge Wilkerson regarded the hospitality of Sheriff Hoffman as being in comptempt of court and in a crisp way of his he consigned Sheriff Hoffman to a jail cell for thirty days—without privileges.

The sentence seemed a light one, but it was a sentence of death to Mr. Hoffman as a politician. He entered the jail cell in due time and he has not been heard of around this town since.

Messrs. Druggan and Lake on the other hand sallied forth from the courtroom to freedom and increased riches. Although the production of beer on a vast scale as had been practiced in the old days had become an uncertain and perilous business, they had already made enough money to enable them to live in luxury. But, once a racketeer always a racketeer, and Terry and Frankie were presently trying to find outlet for their vast talents in the gambling racket. Terry who had acquired himself a beautiful estate in the North Suburbs amused himself with a stable of horses. In June, 1927, betting in Illinois was virtually legalized in a statute approving the pari-mutual. In July Mr. Druggan attracted some attention to himself by rushing into court seeking injunctions against several race tracks.

Terry charged a conspiracy to monopolize racing in violation of the Interstate Commerce Law in the shipping of race horses, but by the time the petition came up for argument the racing season was over and the matter was dropped. Terry's move was one of the many incidents which presaged the great gambling war, of which you shall presently hear. Except for this mad rush for the protection of the law—a pronounced characteristic of the true gangster—Mr. Druggan and Mr. Lake were comparatively quiet after their sensational appearance as comic opera stars.

The business of manufacturing beer had pretty well petered out. But Terry and Frankie should worry! As we have seen they had jumped into the business at the beginning. By the time the "heat" from the law was settling over the town, these princely inseparables had made enough money to cause the government to attack them from another angle. Consequently, they are now worrying about the income tax men, and are now facing trial for income tax violations. Terry and Frankie will go down in the records as the Damon and Pythias of Gangland but at this writing, alas, alas, trouble had come between them, and they are so mad at each other that they do not speak on the street. A red-headed mama, it is said, had brought the inseparables to a parting of the ways.

This was revealed recently when Captain William F. Waugh asked leave of Federal Judge Wilkerson to withdraw as counsel for Frankie Lake in the income tax troubles. The Judge appeared surprised.

"Oh, they're not the good friends they used to be," explained Captain Waugh.

Frankie pulled what Terry regarded as an unforgivable offense to their long friendship when he was arrested at a tea dance in company with the aforementioned red-headed mama. Frankie carried the customary gat.

"If you haven't got any more sense than to put yourself in the coppers' way, inviting arrest and causing all of this bum publicity for both of us, we're all through. You might just as well get a soap box and dare the cops to pick you up.

Lake is now in Detroit, doing well in the ice business.

LITTLE HYMIE WIPES OUT the GENNAS

"Little Hymie" Weiss had got off to a flying start by eliminating Johnny Torrio and he still had about nineteen months left in which to besmear the town with blood, before the "Big Fellow" Alphonse Capone, was to blast him into eternity. Capone, however, who could always appreciate a good man had come to admire ferocious "Little Hymie" despite all the nasty things he had said and done; and, as one of his first royal acts, offered pardon to Weiss if he would promise to behave himself and return to the fold. While "Little Hymie" was considering the Big Fellow's proposals, the Big Fellow was having a tough time of it right in his own home precincts.

A courageous editor of a Cicero newspaper had undertaken the ambitious project of relieving his town of the presence of King Capone and his numerous business activities. He used pitiless publicity which, true enough, is a swell weapon. The editor, Mr. Arthur St. John, made one grave error however. He neglected to acquire the services of a few platoons of infantry. For some time his paper appeared regularly with fine attacks upon King Capone urging the good people of Cicero to get behind the campaign and push. Mr. St. John's immediate rewards were rather terrible. One fine afternoon early in March, some tough gentlemen who had warned him repeatedly to keep his mouth shut, picked him up and went off with him. When he returned to his friends a few days later, they could hardly believe he was the same man, for Mr. St. John had been severely beaten in all visible places. This treatment inspired another throaty yell from Mr. Robert E. Crowe, but why go into it? He ordered that King Capone be haled before him forthwith which was done.

The king came down to the Criminal Courts Building in the style that befitted his exalted position. He appeared in a new automobile, the like of which had never been seen before on the streets and boulevards of the fourth metropolis of the world. It weighed about seven tons, four tons more than your automobile, its windows were fitted with bullet-proof glass, and it was plastered with large sheets of armor-plate. Mr. Capone still uses this disguised tank whenever he is in Chicago. To those of us who did not know at this time that King Capone was offering peace to Hymie Weiss, the big automobile was taken as overt proof that Capone intended to stay on his throne and to hell with those who didn't like it.

King Capone's call on the state's attorney came to nothing. So did his overtures for peace. The peace proposal had been made at a banquet held in a famous restaurant just off Wacker Drive which still operates under the same Italian name. It was proposed that Gangland should be divided in half with Madison Street the dividing line. For a couple of months "Little Hymie" who had certain definite misgivings as to the sincerity of King Capone's peaceful impulses, behaved himself and strictly observed the terms of the pact. He was busy anyway, with the government who had insisted on his standing trial in the Federal building on a booze charge. With him on the same charge was Dapper Dan McCarthy, a member of his gang. During the process of this trial "Little Hymie" discovered that the peace banquet had been merely an attempt to throw him off his guard and the discovery brings us to acquaintanceship with two of the most sinister figures who have ever skidded across blood-streaked Gangland. Signor John Scalice and Signor Anselmi. Killers de luxe, these men had been summoned from far off Sicily by Mike and Angelo Genna shortly before the death of O'Banion. How long they had been in town is not certain, but "Little Hymie" discovered them one day during the progress of his trial up there in the Federal building. A member of "Little Hymie's" gang—they were all in the courtroom—noticed a stool pigeon for the Capone gang in earnest conversation with two strangers—Scalice and Anselmi. The stool pigeon was "fingering" every North Side gangster in the courtroom. Why did these two strange Italians appear so interested in learning the identities of the Weiss henchmen? The observant North Side gangster hurriedly dispatched another one of his companions down stairs and outside to determine whether or not any of the Capone boys were about. Sure enough, outside the gangster came upon Al's big armor-plated Lincoln parked around the corner on Adams Street. He examined the car quickly and found that it was well-stocked with sawed-off shot-guns and other artillery. In a few minutes Scalice and Anselmi, together with a chauffeur who had sprung up from somewhere, got in Al's car and drove away.

Angelo Genna, youngest of the Gennas, and the first to be murdered by the North Side gangsters.

"Mike" Genna, toughest of the Gennas, which is saying a mouthful. His last act in this life was to kick an ambulance attendant in the face.

All this meant but one thing to "Little Hymie"—war. He soon determined that Scalice and Anselmi spent a great deal of their time in Cicero, although they appeared to be body guards for Mike and Angelo Genna. "Little Hymie" resumed his expeditions into the Genna territory; he began "absorbing" speakeasies which belonged to the arrogant brothers. For several weeks Gangland was comparatively quiet, except for an unimportant and mysterious "ride" murder here and there. The South Side O'Donnells were still battling Messrs. Saltis and MacEarlane on occasions and there was much muscling and double-crossing in every quarter. "Spike" O'Donnell's greatest personal blow came on April 17 when his foolhardy brother, Walter, was mortally wounded during an attempt to terrorize and hold-up a roadhouse in the Saltis country. Walter died on May 9.

Every police official in Chicago as well as those "in the know" looked forward to an unprece-

Anthony Genna the "fix" for the Genna brothers.

dented display of fireworks from Gangland any day. It came on May 26. Angelo Genna, outstanding of the six Genna brothers, was the first to die. Angelo who had built up an "alky" business on the West Side in Little Italy, enjoyed protection from the police, particularly from the police of the Maxwell Station in his district. He had once staged a great party in a loop hotel attended by State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe and four of his detectives. Other public officials had attended, including a judge of the superior court. Crowe made the principal address to the sleek Italian gangsters, many of whom are now dead. Sticky with wealth, and power the Gennas were a ghastly mob at the time O'Banion and his boys began to push them around, and they strengthened their ties with Capone as well as smuggling a number of their countrymen into Chicago purely for killing purposes. Angelo had married a daughter of a prominent Italian and, foolishly enough, had established her in a beautiful apartment far up north on Sheridan road. Angelo was driving from this apartment westward over Ogden Avenue in his long powerful "sport" model automobile on May 26 when an automobile containing four men darted along side his machine and deposited a dozen or more slugs into his body, killing him instantly. Angelo was given a great funeral, greater even than O'Banion had been given. More flowers, more politicians, costlier casket. It may have been that the remaining Gennas wanted to impress "Little Hymie." If so, the gesture was futile.

"Little Hymie" continued his forays into the Genna country around Taylor Street, determined to wipe out the entire mob. Illustrative of his courage and recklessness a police squad came upon him and George "Bugs" Moran one evening as they strolled nonchalantly down Taylor street. "What are you birds doin' here?" asked one of the friendly officers; "don't you think its pretty hot over here for you?" A volley of oaths greeted the query. "Hell no," declared Moran, "I wish one of these 'wops' would show himself. I'm nuts to blow off some greaseball's head."

Well, the next Genna to die was Mike, most ferocious of them all which is saying a lot. He departed this life on June 13, 1925, just eighteen days after Angelo became defunct. Along with the two masters of murder, Scalice and Anselmi, Mike was touring about his domain looking for "Little Hymie" and Moran who were reported in the neighborhood. Somewhere, the spot has never been marked, there was an encounter in which, apparently, the North Side men got the worst of it. At any rate Mike and his murderers sped on at a terrific pace, thinking that they were being pursued when, as a matter of fact, Hymie and "Bugs" retired to their own preserves, possibly with a wounded henchman in their automobile. But the most ferocious of all the Gennas raced on at crazy speed. The pavements were wet and slippery for there had been a sudden downpour early that morning. As their automobile shot down Western Avenue at Forty-Seventh Street, Mike was recognized by Detective Michael J. Conway, who, with two other officers, sat in a parked automobile. They pursued the automobile, with gong sounding and horn roaring. At 59th Street, a truck turned directly into the path of the on-coming Genna automobile, now going faster than ever, and there was a terrific screeching of brakes as Mike attempted to avert a collision and death. His automobile swerved around like a top and then skidded into a concrete lamp post, completely wrecking the machine. At this moment the police drew up. "What's the big idea," demanded Officer Olson, leaping out of the automobile, "didn't you hear our gong?" For answer there was a roar from the revolver of Scalice and Anselmi, and the top of Officer Olson's head was blown off, and an aged mother who was deaf and four young brothers were left to mourn him.

Almost before the officers could draw their revolvers there was a second blast and Officer Walsh died; a third blast and Officer Conway, terribly wounded, fell to the pavement. Scalice and Anselmi began to run down the street which by this time was filled with horror-stricken people. Mike Genna fled in a different direction across a vacant lot.

Pete Genna, one of the two living Genna brothers. He isn't in Chicago however, for he was chased out of town by "Little Hymie" Weiss.

Officer Sweeny selected the Genna to pursue, and across the lot he went, firing his revolver every few paces. Sweeny was gaining on the savage Genna when suddenly Mike turned in his tracks, took careful aim and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for Sweeny the cartridge did not explode, and Mike turned to resume his flight. Sweeny now stopped and took aim, and a bullet tore into Genna's leg, severing an artery. Genna, bleeding to death, continued to run, leaving a trail of blood behind him. He jumped over a fence and rushed for the doorway of a basement into which he disappeared. In the meantime unexpected help had come in the person of Officer Rickett who had been passing on a street car and had seen the running battle. Both officers dashed into the basement. Mike lay in the darkness of a corner. More dead than alive he raised his weapon, pointed it at the men and again pulled the trigger. There was an explosion this time but the man was dying and his aim had been unsteady and the bullet went wild. Death had Mike Genna in his cold grip by the time two ambulance attendants arrived with a stretcher to bear the wounded bootlegger off to a hospital. As they laid gentle hands on him, Mike again brought himself to consciousness. With a great and last effort, Mike raised his leg and

Death Corner in Chicago—Milton and Oak Streets. At least fifteen gangsters have been put on the "spot" at this corner.

The Wigwam | Hawthorne Hotel | Midnight Frolics | Cotton Club | Green Mill

kicked one of the men in the face. "Take that you bastard," said Mike. And thus died the most ferocious of the Gennas.

Meanwhile Scalice and Anselmi raced on, down streets, through alleys, beneath elevated railway structures. A mob followed them and the mob grew in numbers every block and Scalice and Anselmi knew there was no escape for them. When they were arrested they had turned into a clothing store. They offered no resistance as they were led out of a building into a squad car. You may be sure that the reception these terrible men received at the nearest police station was one that Scalice and Anselmi carried with them for a long time. Indeed, the only punishment Scalice and Anselmi really ever received at the hands of the law was administered during those few hours as guests of the police.

The deaths of the police officers inflamed the public as none of the crimes of Gangland had ever before inflamed it. What Mr. Crowe said this time was that Scalice and Anselmi ought to be taken out and hanged by the neck without the formality of a trial. As events proved, this would have been a swell thing, not only for Scalice and Anselmi but for Mr. Crowe and for the Maxwell Station police. For during the long and futile trial of Scalice and Anselmi, an attorney for them was to rise to his feet one day and, flourishing a little red note-book in his hand, shout: "I have here, the names of the policemen that Mike Genna paid every month. Two hundred of them belonged to the Maxwell Street Station, two squads came from the central office, and one from the state's attorney's office." Well, the defendants were acquitted eventually. A detailed story of the long and laborious legal machinations would require more pages than are to be found in this book. It is interesting to note however that all the "alky" cookers in the Maxwell Street district rallied to their defense, feeling, as they did, that their countrymen were being discriminated against. A vast fund was collected. Strangely enough the collection of this fund was a great factor in finally wrecking the Genna rule altogether, for there was much double-crossing and pocketing of funds and the "alky" cookers finally began to war among themselves. It was all very fine for "Little Hymie" to look upon, and all very sad for King Capone to look upon.

The burial of Mike Genna was a great spectacle, and one of the last. The public became bored with it all, and twenty-five days later another automobile, equipped with a police gong (Hymie Weiss had thus equipped one of his machines) drew up to Anthony, youngest of the Gennas, who stood unsuspectingly on the sidewalk, and killed him neatly and without undue waste of ammunition. The last rites were performed hurriedly, ominously and without display. Only a few mourners were there; wild-eyed men and a dozen or more crying women and children. And Tony was buried at night.

The Gennas now saw the hand of doom stretching into their domain. Jim Genna, panic-stricken disappeared. It is said he returned to Italy. Five years later, as we shall see, he was again to return and his presence again drenched Gangland with blood. Only one Genna remained, who to this day is occasionally caught in the police drag-net; and is led out at the regular show-ups along with the pickpockets, bums and unimportant characters to be laughed at.

Amid all this chaos King Capone was compelled to permit the killing of three "alky" cookers who had thought the demoralized state of affairs in Gangland would enable them to get away with some effective and profitable double-crossing. The penalty for this unpardonable offense was first paid by Tony Campagnia on July 10; five days later Sam Lavenuto and James Russo kicked in. Sam was murdered in the forenoon; James got it after lunch.

The swift punishment meted out to these insignificant henchmen brought more terror to the "alky" cookers and the beautiful result of it all was that for a long period lasting until well into the New Year, 1926, the disturbances in Little Italy were few and unimportant.

HOMES, HAUNTS AND HEADQUARTERS OF FAMOUS CHICAGO GANGSTERS

Left to right: The Reinzi Hotel, frequented by "Little Hyime" Weiss and Drucci; Metropole once headquarters for Capone gang, and the Lexington Hotel, present headquarters.

TWO POLES MEET

"Little Hymie" Weiss was proud of the havoc he had wrought to the grease-balls. More confident of his strength now than he had ever been, he devoted himself to drumming up more business, to tightening his forces and to adding more and better murderers to his gang. During this period he enlisted the services of the infamous Gusenbergs, Pete and Frank, who were to die a few years later in the Valentine Massacre. Frankie Foster, a dapper chap was also a new member, as was Terrible Teddy Newberry, the big bourbon boy. At the same time "Little Hymie" spent a great deal of time trying to woo Big Joe Saltis and his mob away from their loose-connection with Capone. "Little Hymie" knew such an alliance would be a mortal blow to Capone, and so he picked out the precise psychological moment in which to effect so desirable an alliance. Joe was having a tough time of it out south. MacEarlane was too restless to confine his activities to the South Side, and the O'Donnells continued to make inroads into their domain.

When Big Joe began turning an attentive ear to the seductive proposals of "Little Hymie" the germ of discontent within his gang developed into open revolt. Ralph Sheldon, tubercular but tough, favored remaining with the Big Fellow, and a complete break followed just about the time Angelo Genna was living his last days. Sheldon seceded taking with him such formidable gorillas as John "Mitters" Foley, Danny Stanton, Big Karl Bates, Hugh McGovern, William McPadden, Frank De Laurentis, John Tuccello, Danny McFall, Ed Lattyak, Hillary Clements, Benny Butler, Stink Bomb Donovan and others, most of whom are now dead.

Big Joe now had two tough gangs to battle besides the possibility of having the Sheldon forces augmented by killers from the Big Fellow's staff. Frankie MacEarlane, worth a hundred ordinary gangsters, still remained loyal to his Polish chief however, although Frankie looked upon Big Joe's association with one John "Dingbat" Oberta with marked disfavor. He didn't mind the fact that Pollack Joe liked to read a book occasionally and went in for grammatical niceites and never let go by an opportunity to correct his choice and original English. Everytime Frankie would say something like "to hell with them bums, they ain't got no guts," Joe would hasten with rebuke "Don't say 'them bums' Frankie and don't say 'ain't got no'." Frankie could endure this, but John "Dingbat" O'Berta who wore spats and played golf and talked like a book, was too much, and Frankie was sure that "Dingbat" was a wrong guy. It may be that Saltis was attracted to "Dingbat" not so much for the reason that he was a Pole as that he could make fine political speeches at gatherings back-o-the-yards, and looked like a gentleman whether he was or not. Except for the sniffling at "Dingbat" however, affairs were fairly well ordered in Joe's camp.

The first casualty in the new shake-up along the South Side beer front was George "Big Karl" Bates a Sheldon man. In addition to taking his life, the Saltis killers also helped themselves to his sizable bankroll of $2,000. The next month, August, another Sheldon "traitor" died at the hands of the Saltis' killers. He was William "Buddy" Dickman, a close friend of Bates. Buddy's life was particularly desired. He had been close to Big Joe Saltis and he knew too much to live. Saltis lived in terror that Buddy would squawk, sooner or later.

And so, as you can see, affairs were going nicely with Polack Saltis and Frankie MacEarlane. For a few weeks they took things easy, except for one more unsuccessful attempt on "Spike" O'Donnell's life. In this affray, staged in front of the O'Donnell home during the luncheon hour, the O'Donnell automobile was reduced to the outward aspect of a battered tin-can. October 4, 1925, a spectacular attack was made on the Sheldon headquarters in the Ragan Colts' Athletic Club, a notorious spot for a quarter of a century. Hundreds of bullets were fired, but none of the Sheldon hoodlums were injured, although a hangeron Charles Kelly, was killed. A few days later indefatigable Joe added another scalp to his belt, this time it was his old employee, Ed Lattyak, a Sheldon gangster. During this pleasant period the alliance between Big Joe and "Little Hymie" was completely effected, and two of Chicago's toughest Poles now strode, arm in arm, across the realm of Boozedom, shouting "Kosciusko here we come!" To celebrate the fact, the Saltis boys, staged a great robbery at the International Harvester Company's offices, and so great was public indignation that the police, armed with search-warrants, set out in the back-o-the-yards district looking for Mr. Saltis. While they were looking Joe and "Dingbat" helped themselves to another pot shot at "Spike" O'Donnell on October 16. Three days later they gathered in one of "Spike's" men, Pasquale Tolizotte and took him for his last ride. A month later both gangs staged a free-for-all battle on a busy street and, for the first time, Joe came out with an O'Donnell bullet in one of his broad shoulders and, for almost two weeks, Joe settled down to inactivity. On December 3 matters continued and the Saltis gang murdered two more "traitors" just for practice. The life of one of the victims, "Dynamite Joe" Brooks, was rumored to have been demanded by the chief Saltis bomber, "Three-Finger" Pete Kunski out of professional jealousy. "Three-Finger" Pete was a rare bird and most efficient in blowing away the speakeasys of those who did not use Saltis beer. It is sad to relate that Pete himself came to an end in keeping with his profession. He always carried a tube of nitro-glycerin in his vest pocket (although against orders) and one day while running away from another fuse, he stumbled and fell. There was a loud explosion and they couldn't find Pete anywhere. Finally some one discovered a hand two fingers of which were missing. It was "Three-Finger" Pete. However, the other victim to die with "Dynamite Joe" Brooks was Edward Harmening, an independent operator who had been shining up to the Sheldons.

"Gentleman" Joe Saltis not looking for "Spike" O'Donnell. Joe has a well-trained smile. It does its stuff on all occasions—even when Joe is exploding cartridges in the direction of gentlemen he doesn't care so much for.

If you think that this is war you ain't seen nothing yet. The shooting was yet to begin in earnest. Joe and Frankie could not sleep well at night because of the fact that they knew their pet hatred, John "Mitters" Foley, was well and healthy. John "Mitters" however was a deft duck and he was to live for a long period before their bullets found him. In the meantime a New Year, 1926 had appeared on the calendar. Over in Little Italy Samuzzo Amatuna, an ambitious chap, was trying to rally the old Genna forces. This, together with the grafting of the collectors of the Scalice and Anselmi fund, brought another flare-up.

meet MR. McGURN

The once powerful and blood-thirsty Genna brothers were now only a bloody memory in Little Italy, but the doom which had hovered over them had not been dispelled by successive blast of gunfire. It remained, casting its long and sinister shadows over that accursed domain, in the persons of John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, still in the hands of the jailers, and still being tossed from one court to another by adept attorneys who were being paid for every appearance at a bar of justice and ready and anxious to make as many appearances as possible. The "alky" cookers over on the West Side were paying and paying and paying. Even honest men over there were contributing to the bottomless fund in order, so the "collectors" said, that no ignorant helpless man of Italian blood might be discriminated against because of his nationality. Ah! What a grisly crew these collectors were. Henry Spingola, a brother-in-law of the Gennas who kept himself clean through a long and honorable legal career despite his relationship with the Gennas, soon found out that he was paying thousands of dollars to blackmailers, extortionists, bombers and killers, and that he had been unwise in contributing at all. Henry decided that he would play no more with Orazzio Tropea, known pleasantly as "The Scourge," or Vito Bascone, or Eddie Baldielli, "The Eagle," or Tony Finalli. And so Henry Spingola, despite the utmost precautions he took with his life, was placed on the spot, which is stepping into a coffin. His murder on Januray 10, 1926, focused attention again on troubled Little Italy and two weeks later, before the police had assembled a plausible theory, Chicago strap-hangers gasped at front pages smoking with the murders of Augustino and Antonio Moreci, wealthy and respectable Italians.

All this had been forseen by the Italians of integrity and wealth on the West Side who understood far better than the police the methods of their conscienceless countrymen, and they had taken steps to combat it in their own way. And this brings us, for the first time, to a sleek, athletic, well-mannered little Italian named James Gebardi, the son of an "alky" cooker who had been murdered long before by Signor Tropea, "The Scourge." Young Gebardi, at that time, spent most of his time around the Maxwell Police Station where he was plenty efficient with his fists and often appeared in the West Side boxing shows as an amateur. A few days after his father had been placed on the spot young Gebardi appeared at the station in a highly emotional state with a letter, written in Italian and signed with the dreaded black-hand. The letter advised Young Gebardi, whose popularity with the police was looked upon with disfavor by certain of his countrymen, to rid the town of himself, to disappear; the penalty would be death if he failed to obey. Lieutenant William Stapleton advised the terrified Gebardi to go away for a while. And Gebardi went away, adopted another name, and became a professional prize-fighter.

But now he was back. He was prosperous. He drove a fine Cadillac automobile, and he called himself Jack McGurn. Where had the money for all this "front" come from? One of the wealthy and influential Italians was behind Jack now. This individual whom we shall not name had revealed to Jack the name of his father's slayer, and Jack quickly agreed to the proposals held out to him. And so, on February 15, the long and terrible career of Orazzio Tropea came to an end. He fell on the spot where McGurn's father had died, and on the same spot where suave Henry Spingola had come to his unhappy end. In quick succession three other "collectors" died. On February 21, Vito Bascone walked to the spot which had been marked for his death. On February 23, Eddie Baldielli, known as "The Eagle" met a similar fate, and on March 7, Tony Finalli was murdered.

Thirteen days later another ambitious Italian's death that of Samuzzo "Samoots" Amatuna, interrupted the efficient reprisals against collectors for the Scalice-Anselmi defense fund. Samoots had lived long and had prospered as an overseer of the "alky" cookers in the employee of the Genna brothers. He had mourned the old days when his employers were alive and for several months preceding his death had been busy in a grim effort to rally the sadly depleted "cookers" and to again stabilize the "alky" business. Everything was going smoothly when an earlier sin found him out. Samoots had hi-jacked a truck load of booze belonging to "Klondike" O'Donnell. The booze, billed as paint, had, in turn been re-hijacked by two tough youths who loafed around Bootleggers Corner in the Valley District, and the rage of Samoots knew no bounds. For months he talked at the top of his voice on all occasions about what he would do to Wallie Quinlan and Bummy Goldstein, neither of whom belonged to any certain gang organization.

On March 19, Samoots dropped into his favorite barber shop where he spent a great deal of time. Samoots was the Beau Brummel of Little Italy and many amusing tales are told about his fastidiousness and his sartorial splendor; he owned more suits of clothing than the King of Spain, he had a great passion for socks and shirts and often made a great nuisance of himself by insisting on supervising the laundering of them. A dozen customers lounged in chairs while Samoots, lying back in the chair, garrulously instructed the barber as to how the shaving should be effected. When the towel was spread over Samoots' visage two men, Wallie Quinlan and Bummy Goldstein, stepped into the room and quickly seated themselves near the door. Samoots arose presently from the chair, stepped to the hall-tree and was busily engaged with a gaudy tie when, through a mirror, he saw his enemies. But it was too late, and before Samoots could reach for the gun he carried in an especially created, leather-lined pocket, Bummy and Wallie let him have it. And Samoots, fell dying to the floor with two bullets in his body. He died before he could get the correct knot in his tie. A few months later, Quinlan and Goldstein were killed.

Mr. Peter Pullazi, a booze collector, cashes in.

With the elimination of Samoots from the scene the "alky" cookers lost their best chance of a restoration of the Genna house, unless Pete or Jim should return which seemed extremely problamatical especially now. The last of the vicious horde of "collectors" to die at the hands of the smartly dressed killer was Joseph Nerone, known as Spano the Cavalier, whose name had been whispered by Anthony Genna before he died. The police had been looking for "The Cavalier" ever since they had overheard that whisper, but when they found him he was cold and dead on a marble slab in the morgue, and an X marked the spot where the new homicide artists had found him.

who KILLED McSWIGGIN?

The scene now shifts to the West Side where "Klondike" O'Donnell and his horde of homicidal hoodlums, inspired by their elimination of Eddi Tancl, have been continuing a sporadic but ruthless warfare against the growing power of King Capone in Cicero. To the "Big Fellow" it is apparent that drastic action must be taken against these enemies who are now reported to be trying to rob him, not only of his liquor customers, but of his political protection.

At this time police were confronted with what the newspapers called the Beauty Shop Mystery. This institution of beautification at 2208 S. Austin Ave. in Cicero was bathed in machine-gun fire on April 24, 1926, and Miss Pearl Wilson, the proprietress, could not, for the life of her, explain to the police why such a thing could have happened. The police wondered whether or not a new racket had started, say a beauty shop war, when their attention was attracted to an automobile which was parked around the corner. On tracing its license it was learned that it had been registerd by one John Burns. This was one of the numerous aliases employed by James "Fur" Sammons, and so a hunt for him was made but without success. It was even rumored that "Fur" had been terribly wounded in the machine-gun fire and either dead or in the hands of one of Gangland's physicians—men who treat wounded gangsters for a price and do not notify police. If their patient dies his gang disposes of the body. But "Fur" could not be located and finally the police ceased to look for him and the incident of the Beauty Shop Mystery was abandoned as insolvable.

During these days there were rumors that political protection in Cicero was about to shift from Capone to the O'Donnell gang, a rumor which was worked for all it was worth by "Klondike" in his sales talks to the roadhouse owners and dive keepers. To some of them the rumor took on the aspect of truth when it was reported that William McSwiggin, ace prosecutor, in the office of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe had been seen frequently in Cicero in company with members of the O'Donnell gang, two of whom, curiously enough, he had unsuccessfully prosecuted for the murder of Eddie Tancl. Other old-timers in Cicero scoffed at this however and pointed to the fact that McSwiggin was merely out in Cicero having a good time, some of the O'Donnell gangsters had been his classmates in high school. Anyway it was strange that a public official should chum around with the underworld gentry, and it certainly was embarrassing to Al Capone, the Big Fellow whatever the reason for it might be. The good people of Chicago who did not know of these strange associations between hoodlums and prominent public officials, were, therefore profoundly shocked when, in the early street editions, of the morning newspapers they read that William H. McSwiggin was one of three men killed by machine-gun bullets in front of the saloon of John Madigan at 5613 West Roosevelt road. The other two victims, his companions were James Doherty and John Duffy, the men he had tried for the murder of Eddie Tancl.

In this murder the public saw a climax to the killings of Gangland, and the question "Who Killed McSwiggin" was on the lips of every strap-hanger for weeks. Indignation and excitement were intense. Demands for an answer to the question persisted and, in the endless columns of newspaper space devoted to the murder, a vast number of different theories were advanced and discussed in detail.

One of the stories related that as "Klondike" O'Donnell, his brother, McSwiggin, Doherty, and Duffy rode into Cicero a Sicilian, standing in the shadows of a building they had passed, raced to Capone's headquarters, where the Big Fellow was at dinner. He listened to the messenger's news as he ate and, when he had finished, he calmly walked to the rear of the hotel, took out the machine guns from a closet, and went out, followed by three men.

An eye witness to the murder, said that a great automobile sped past the four men as they walked out of the roadhouse and that "fire spit out of what seemed to be a telephone mouthpiece projected through the rear curtain." McSwiggin fell mortally wounded at the first blast, while Duffy and Doherty walked for some distance before they fell in pools of their blood. More than two-hundred bullets were fired. "Klondike" pulled McSwiggin's body into his automobile and had it taken to the O'Donnell home, but later it was again placed in the car and taken and dumped onto a spot in a street of a suburb adjoining Cicero so, as "Klondike" later explained, that no one would know that McSwiggin was with gangsters. Another story has it that "Klondike" had paid $40,000 to McSwiggin and wanted to get it back again.

"I know who killed my son," said Sergeant Anthony McSwiggin, of the Chicago police

(1) William "Klondike" O'Donnell looking pleasant before a camera at the Detective Bureau. (2) Building in which was located a beauty shop which stopped machine gun bullets believed intended for "Fur" Sammons, one of "Klondike's" henchmen. (3) "Three-finger" Jack White, another "Klondike" O'Donnell ace.

A Gangland Victim—William E. McSwiggin, assistant state's attorney, as he looked when earning his reputation as "the hanging prosecutor." He was shot by machine gun bullets while in company with members of the O'Donnell mob.

department, shortly after the long series of investigations had begun into the mystery: "It was Al Capone, together with three of his henchmen, Frank Rio, Frank Diamond, and Bob McCullough." Sergt. McSwiggin was positive. He had inside information, he said, which he had given to the authorities. Two material witnesses were also named, Edward Moore and Willie Heeney. Moore proved, however, that he was in the loop, and nothing of value was gained from questioning Heeney.

But the dead man's father's charges inflamed the public still more, and the question "Who killed McSwiggin?" was now linked with another one, "Where is Capone?" But Al was nowhere to be found. The atmosphere was entirely too much for him, and, shortly after the first smoking headlines announcing the murder appeared, Alphonse was in his great armor-plated automobile, speeding over the highways to a secret hide-out somewhere in Indiana.

But he came back. He came back a few days later in a grand manner which must have been impressive to "Little Hymie" Weiss. Capone dictated the terms by which he would surrender to the detectives from Mr. Crowe's office, and he was met at the Indiana state line. Capone is not a great talker, but he says plenty when the public is occasionally favored with his utterances. And this time it got dynamite.

"Of course I didn't kill McSwiggin," he said. "Why should I? I liked the kid. Only the day before he got knocked off he was over at my place and when he went home I gave him a bottle of Scotch for his old man. If I'd wanted to knock him off, I could have done it then, couldn't I? We had him on the spot. I'm no squawker, but get a load of this. I paid McSwiggin and I paid him plenty, and I got what I was paying for."

Mr. Capone's precipitate flight had looked bad but he had a good answer for that question, too. "I was afraid that some saphead copper would plug me on sight, just to get himself promoted." Capone was released three days after his surrender. At this time it was reported that "Fur" Sammons, having fallen out with "Klondike," had committed the murders out of revenge. And so, one day, "Fur" limped into Crowe's office on crutches. "See these legs," he said, pointing, "Well, I was over calling on my 'sweetie' at the Beauty Parlor, when some of these 'grease-balls' let me have it." The McSwiggin murder continued a mystery, but the mystery of the Beauty Shop shooting had been solved.

As an aftermath of the McSwiggin murder there were a series of raids in Cicero with such outstanding haunts of vice being temporarily knocked off as "The Ship," "The Stockade," and "The Hawthorne Smoke Shop," all Capone institutions. Despite this gesture on the part of the police the McSwiggin case pointed very definitely to the fact the Big Fellow of Gangland was not "Little Hymie" Weiss, or William "Klondike" O'Donnell or any of the others. The Big Fellow was Al Capone. "When I wanted to open a saloon in Cicero," said Harry Madigan, owner of the saloon in front of which McSwiggin fell, "I got a visit from Al Capone. He told me I couldn't go into business there. But I finally got some political pressure myself and opened up anyway. Al came around shortly after and told me that I would have to buy my beer from him, and not the O'Donnells. So I did."

King Al could see the handwriting on the front pages however, and he knew that peace in Gangland was about as desirable to Chicagoans as good beer.

The O'Donnells have been going great guns except for one Federal "rap" which they could not beat in the courts. This concerned their disasterous raid on the Morand Government Warehouse in the Valley, their old stamping ground. The warehouse contained thousands of barrels of excellent whisky and it was James "Fur" Sammons who conceived the bright idea of siphoning it with a hose. And so one night, a watchman making his rounds, discovered that bars on a window of the second floor had been cut and that through a small rubber hose of great length now lying on the ground, thousands of gallons of the precious liquid had been siphoned. He gave the alarm. When Pat Roche, ace of the investigators, surveyed the scene, he gave instructions that the equipment should not be disturbed and that the matter was to

be kept quiet. Pat knew that the raiders would return. They did. And, as Johnny Barry who was in a room some distance away, fitting a rubber tube into barrels, gave two jerks on a rope, "Klondike" and "Fur" Sammons, in the warehouse, began to pump and the whisky began to move. And Mr. Roche gathered all three of them into his automobile and drove them to the Federal building.

The turmoil resultant from McSwiggin caused him to abandon all plans to break up the Saltis-Weiss alliance. Ralph Sheldon lost two more of his gangsters on April 5 in Frank DeLaurentis and John Truccello, and had obtained promises from King Al that reinforcements would be sent up to the front when the McSwiggin murder caused a change in Capone's plans. But he was too busy to step out as a diplomat for a long time and in the interval the conflict continued. On the West Side the field was more or less clear, for "Klondike," Sammons and Berry went to jail for the booze robbery. Each had a two-year tag on him. Hymie Weiss was busy aiding Saltis whenever possible and in trying to get a shot at Capone. Hymie's gangsters killed a Genna "alky" cooker, J. Cremaldi by name, who was crazy enough to appear on the Gold Coast with his product. On July 20 Sheldon's men made an unsuccessful attempt to kill Vincent MacEarlane, tough younger brother of Frank, and on July 23, made another attempt. The bullets again missed Vincent, but Frank Conlon, a Saltis chauffeur, was killed. The murder was committed by "Mitters" Foley and the Saltis gangsters were wild with rage. At this time Mr. Sheldon made a public statement to the effect that if Joe Saltis dared harm a hair of Mr. Foley's head, he, Mr. Sheldon, despite his weakening condition due to tuberculosis, would surely murder Mr. Saltis. And so, on August 6, three days later, Mr. Foley was killed. The public began to wonder whether or not the South Side beer war, like the babbling brook, was going to run on forever. Well, as a matter of fact, it was. But King Capone, beginning to get the view-point of Johnny Torrio, stepped forth as a peace-maker. The fact that Joe Saltis, Lefty Koncil, John "Dingbat" Oberta and Big Earl Herbert, were now in a lot of legal "heat" having been indicted for Foley's murder was prima facie evidence of the Big Fellow's sincerity. Even "Little Hymie" Weiss believed that Capone meant it when he went about saying "we don't want no more trouble."

"Dynamite Joe" Brooks and Edward Harmening, members of the Ralph Sheldon gang after Frankie MacEarlane and Joe Saltis had finished with them. Note that Gangland killers aim at the face. In this job only one bullet missed its mark.

the BIG FELLOW *TURNS* DIPLOMAT

At the name of Jesus every knee should
Bend in heaven and on earth.

And so King Al, the Big Fellow stepped forth as an emissary of peace. Unfortunately for prosperity in Boozedom he flopped. Except for one unfortunate little shooting affray involving Vincent "Schemer" Drucci, one of "Little Hymie's" most highly prized aids, Capone's efforts might have been unsuccessful. We hurry to the facts. The Schemer, paradoxically enough, went in for paintings and good music and beautiful things. It was passing strange how this esthetic hoodlum who wept copiously at the Civic Opera could top off an evening in company with his dynamic little chief and George "Bugs" Moran whose artistic sensibilities had developed no further perhaps than Mutt and Jeff. For in their company the Schemer was often called upon to torture a stool pigeon, or inveigle a traitor to the cause into the front seat of an automobile for a long, long ride. But the Schemer could do it. And how! It was he who represented the class of the Weiss mob, just as the aristocratic touch in the good old days when O'Banion held sway was provided by Samuel "Nails" Morton before he fell off his horse. The Schemer was largely responsible for the fact that "Little Hymie" was induced to move into more pretentious quarters on Diversey Boulevard, although headquarters still remained above the Schofield Flower Shop.

One sultry August afternoon "Little Hymie" and the Schemer, dressed in the correct mode, strolled nonchalantly down the Boul Mich. As they were passing the Harvester building whom should they meet but two of Capone's children, Frankie Rio and Tony "Molps" Volpe. Now when gangster meets gangster, the result is that gats fly out of pockets especially made and leather-lined to hold them, and that is exactly what happened on this summer afternoon. Many shots were fired, and many, many people out there on the world's most regal street, some of them visitors to Chicago, were thrown into fearful panic. And those who were visitors went back to Muscatine, and Valley Junction and Des Moines and New York and told everybody that what the papers said about Chicago was true and even worse. But nobody was killed or wounded.

The only result of the bloodless affray was that Capone's peace conference didn't mean a thing. It was held shortly after the battle, and all the Big Shots were there—Joe Saltis, Frankie MacEarlane, Ralph Sheldon, Hymie Weiss, Vincent Drucci, Capone and some of his lieutenants, "Klondike" and Myles O'Donnell, and amiable "Spike" O'Donnell from the South Side. Gats were parked outside with the top-coats as per agreement, all enmity was forgotten, whoopee was made, jokes were cracked about the "soup" on the menu and the "pineapple" dessert, and a police official, there by special invitation, gazed on in amazement.

Joe Saltis and his aid, "Lefty" Koncil with attorneys, at time of their famous trial for the murder of John "Mitters" Foley. They were acquitted. It was reported that "Little Hymie" Weiss chased two witnesses to Montana. W. W. O'Brien attorney shot with Hymie Weiss. On the right, Frank MacDonnell, another attorney.

Capone made the speech of the evening. What he said has not, unfortunately, been preserved for posterity, just as he delivered it, but the wise money had it that the Big Fellow's words were freighted with sincerity on the "we don't want no more trouble theme." "Little Hymie" listened sullenly, remembering how Frankie and Molps Volpe had behaved themselves only a few days before. It was "okey" with "Little Hymie," this peace idea, but he put forward one stipulation which the Big Fellow alone heard. It was that Frankie Rio and Volpe be placed on the spot where "Little Hymie" might transform them into corpses. The conference ended without any of its representatives being aware of what "Little Hymie" had demanded and what the Big Fellow had replied. They learned later. He said, "I wouldn't do that to a yellow dog."

And so there was no peace in Gangland, and "Little Hymie" was marked for death. He was soon to be pushed aside. His murder represents perfection in the art. It was the most masterfully planned and executed of any of Gangland's crimes including even the Valentine Massacre which was to come after.

"Little Hymie" set out however to get the Big Fellow first and a few days after the ill-fated conference, he and "Bugs" Moran made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy Capone on South Wabash Avenue near the Four Deuces Cafe whither they had trailed him from Cicero. Capone got away, miraculously enough, although his chauffeur, Tony Ross died behind his wheel. "Little Hymie," bitterly disappointed, returned to the little flower shop and was moodily silent for a long time. He stood on the spot in the flower shop where O'Banion had died and, gazing through the huge plate glass window, stared at the inscription in stone across the street:

At the name of Jesus every knee should
Bend in heaven and on earth.

Another surge of energy a few days later inspired another desperate effort, this time in the very heart of the Big Fellow's country. For the second time a cavalcade of glistening motor cars passed slowly by the Hawthorne Hotel while machine guns poured hot lead into buildings and windows and furniture. No bullets found lodgment in the hated Capone gangsters however.

"Little Hymie" was too busy these days to be bothered by the old premonition that he would come to an early and sudden end. His gang was growing in numbers and in dollars and in prestige. Gangland looked upon him in admiration and amazement. So great was the respect with which he was held that to some he was really the Big Boy in brains, class and courage. So many hoodlums wanted to go along with him at this period that there was a waiting list; the wealthy Italian on the West Side who had backed Jack McGurn, now fearing reprisals from the Big Fellow bought his ambitious protege a job as one of Hymie's chauffeurs. It cost $25,000. Unfortunately for "Little Hymie" most of his time at this period was spent in trying to prevent the law from catching up with his ally, Big Joe Saltis who with Lefty Koncil, was being tried for the murder of John "Mit-

ters" Foley. John "Dingbat" Oberta, originally indicted along with papa Joe had managed to prove an alibi and he was not tried. So busy was "Little Hymie" with lawyers and witnesses and jurors these days that neither he nor any of his henchmen knew that in the ancient old stone house just north of his flower shop two swarthy-complexioned men had engaged a room from whose curtained window they could observe all that took place in the street below them. Neither did "Little Hymie" know that, around the corner at No. 1 West Superior street another front room had been engaged, also by a swarthy-complexioned young man whose only luggage was a beautiful golf bag. From behind the curtain of this front room this lonely "golfer" could look squarely upon the rear entrance of the flower shop. The distance on a golf course would have been only a short chip shot with a spade mashie.

"Red" Daugherty in repose on a slab in the county morgue.

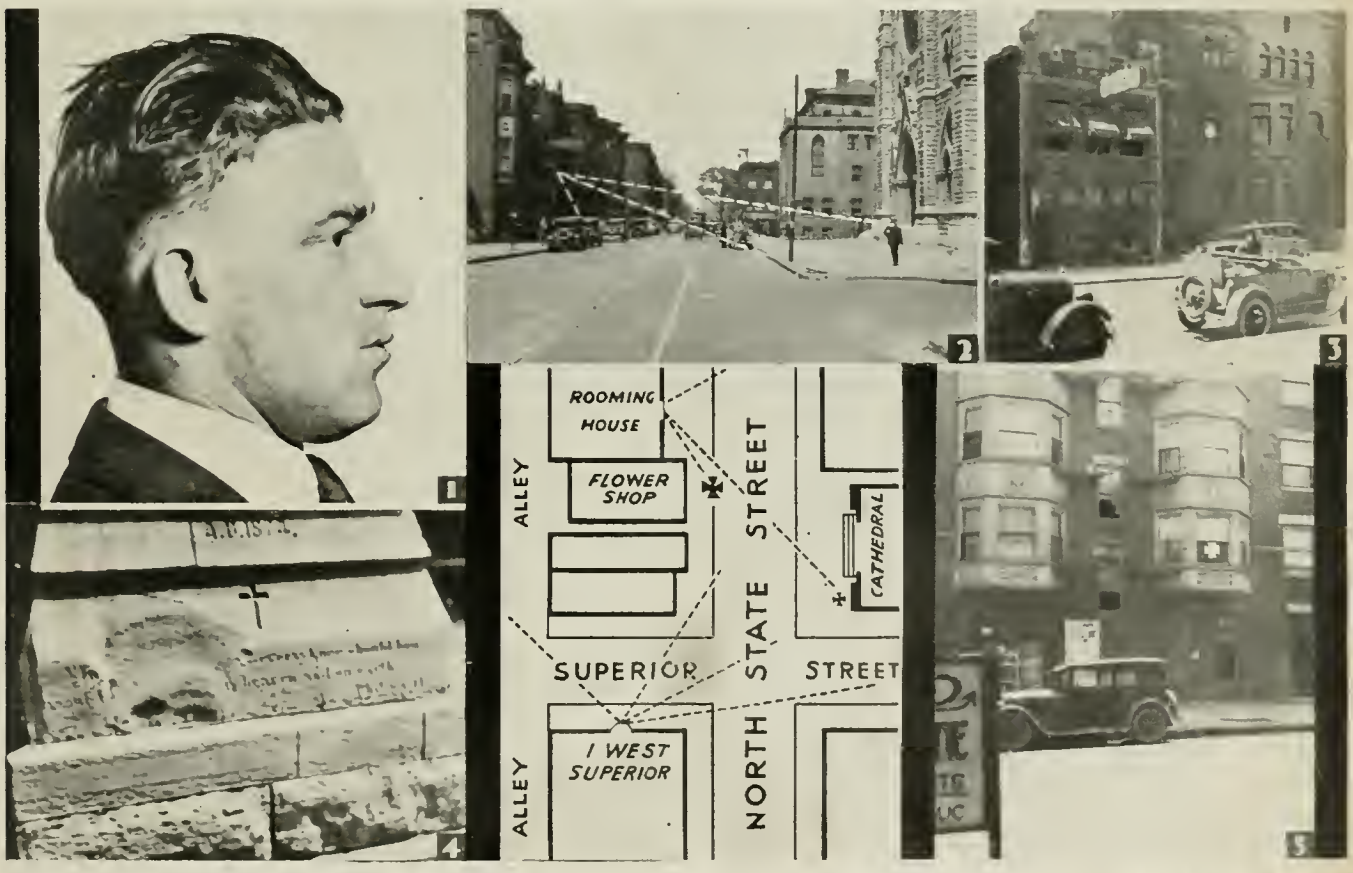
"Little Hymie's" time had come. It was October 11, 1926, just twenty-two months since his beloved pal, Dion O'Banion had died there among the flowers. Big Joe Saltis and eel-like Lefty Koncil last saw their friend and ally late in the afternoon after a long and tedious day spent trying to select a jury. "Little Hymie" held a whispered conference with Saltis and then, shaking hands, left the courtroom in company with W. W. O'Brien, the Saltis attorney. With them were two of Hymie's men, Patrick Murray and Sam Pellar. Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator for the attorney also climbed into the big motor car outside the county building.

Pellar, who drove the car, parked it on Superior Street, just south of the cathedral. The four men tumbled out and started towards the flower shop. They had taken only a few steps when the quietness of the street was suddenly destroyed by the harsh and deadly rattle of a machine gun. "Little Hymie's" twenty-two months of vengeance came to an end before he knew what was happening, for the men behind that curtain at 742 North State street had projected their fire at him, and the first bullet went straight into his heart. "Little Hymie" fell face downward in the gutter without uttering a word. Pat Murray also died on the pavement a few steps in front of his chief, but the other three escaped although O'Brien was terribly wounded. In agony he climbed the stairs of a nearby building and collapsed in a doctor's office. Pellar and Jacobs were also wounded.

Thirty-eight shells had been fired, and those bullets which did not find lodgment in human bones and flesh, flattened out against the old limestone corner of Holy Name Cathedral. The impact was so terrific that a large hole in the inscription crumbled away, destroying the sense of the famous Biblical inscription, and to this day people who never heard of Dion O'Banion or "Little Hymie" often pause before the facade of Holy Name Cathedral and wonder why the corner-stone reads thus:

. . . . . *every knee should*
. . . *heaven and on earth.*

The two men in the old stone structure at 742 North State street escaped in the turmoil their fire caused; and so did the "golfer" around the corner at No. 1 Superior. He left behind him his golf bag. The janitor could find no golf clubs, but he found a long automatic shot-gun.



The killing of "Little Hymie" Weiss, Gangland's most perfect execution. (1) "Little Hymie" as he appeared when a lieutenant of Dion O'Banion. (2) Looking North on State Street, with white lines showing line of machine gun fire from the rooming house which killed "Little Hymie" and his chauffeur as they and three other men alighted from an automo and started walking towards Weiss's headquarters in the William F. Schofield Flower Shop (3). Photograph in the lo left corner (4) shows the corner stone of the Holy Name Cathedral after it was hit by some of the bullets which Weiss. (5) Lair of the killers.

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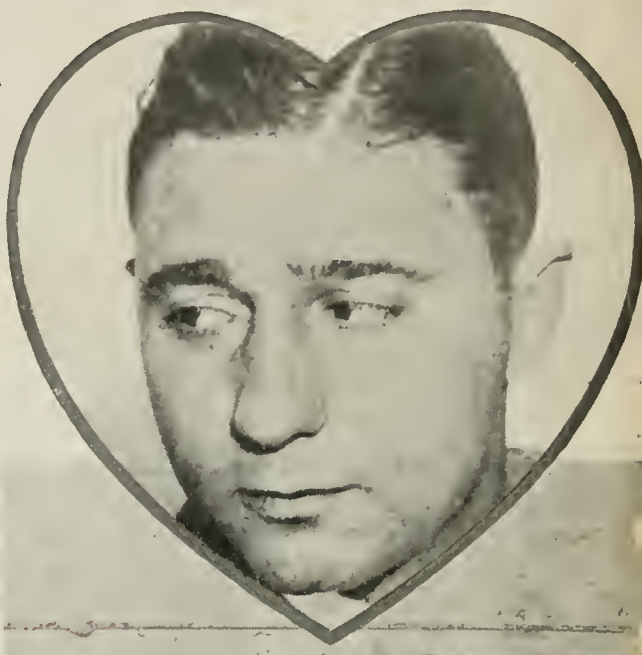
Valentine massacre



The World Famous Gangland Slaying on St. Valentine's Day, 1929, in which seven members of George "Bugs" Moran's mob were lined up against a wall in a garage and mowed down by two machine guns. This picture shows two views. The victims, reading from right to left, are James Clark, Johnny May, Adam Hyer, Doctor Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, and Pete Gusenberg. The other victim, Frank Gusenberg, was alive when police arrived although he had twenty-seven bullets in his body, and was taken to a hospital where he died

DRUCCI wears the CROWN

The artistically efficient homicide of Hymie Weiss drove home to every ambitious hoodlum in Chicago the grim lesson that the man of destiny among them was Alphonse Capone, and that the best possible life insurance was a reserved seat on his band wagon. The prestige of the North Side gang vanished like puffs of smoke in a windstorm when news of his demise was blazoned across the town. Vincent "Schemer" Drucci bowed apparently to the inevitable for when King Al suggested that another truce be held he was smart enough to acquiesce. But the Schemer had mental reservations as we shall see.

The meeting took place in the Morrison Hotel on October 21, 1926, and the size of the representation was in itself a tribute to Capone. The Big Fellow himself was not there, but the terms which were laid down by Anthony Lombardo and Maxie Eisen, the eminent Jewish racketeer, had come from him, and you may be sure that no stipulations were made this time. Even "Klondike" O'Donnell was represented. His delegate was instructed to say yes to everything and not to sit around with his fingers crossed either. Unfortunately Joe Saltis, still in jail awaiting the verdict on the charge of murdering Mitters Foley, could not get a leave of absence, but he was represented by the Schemer and George Moran. Ralph Sheldon was there, and so was Edward "Spike" O'Donnell. Tony Lombardo, a big shot in the Unione Siciliane, an important Italian political organization, represented Capone as did Maxie Eisen, the eminent Jewish racketeer and stink bomb thrower. Lombardo laid down the territorial lines. Drucci and Moran were presented with the entire North Side, limited on the south and west by the Chicago river, on the east by Lake Michigan but extending north as far as the Arctic Circle. The South Side was equally divided between "Spike," Sheldon and Saltis, but don't you believe a word of it. No peace pact in history has ever stifled a congenital homicidal impulse, nor did this one. The League of Nations itself could not alleviate the sad condition of affairs along the South Side beer front where, incidentally, a few days before the conference, Mr. Saltis had ordered the dynamiting of one of his customer's saloons because the proprietor, Mr. Joseph Kepka had refused to help Joe pay W. W. O'Brien's legal bill.

Another swell homicidal impulse, wearing smiles and saying yes all over the banquet hall, was Schemer Drucci, but it was destined never to be given another good play.

On November 9 the terrorized jurors announced that Saltis and Lefty Koncil were not guilty of murdering Mitters Foley and Big Joe went home to fall into numerous huddles with John "Dingbat" Oberta, as well as to read his mail. There was an interesting letter from relatives of Hillary Clements, the Sheldon gangster, who had been missing several months, and Joe was implored to mark the spot where he had left the body so that it might be given a decent burial. But it was not until five weeks later that the body was found and, would you believe it, the spot was a vacant lot behind the house where Hillary's survivors lived.

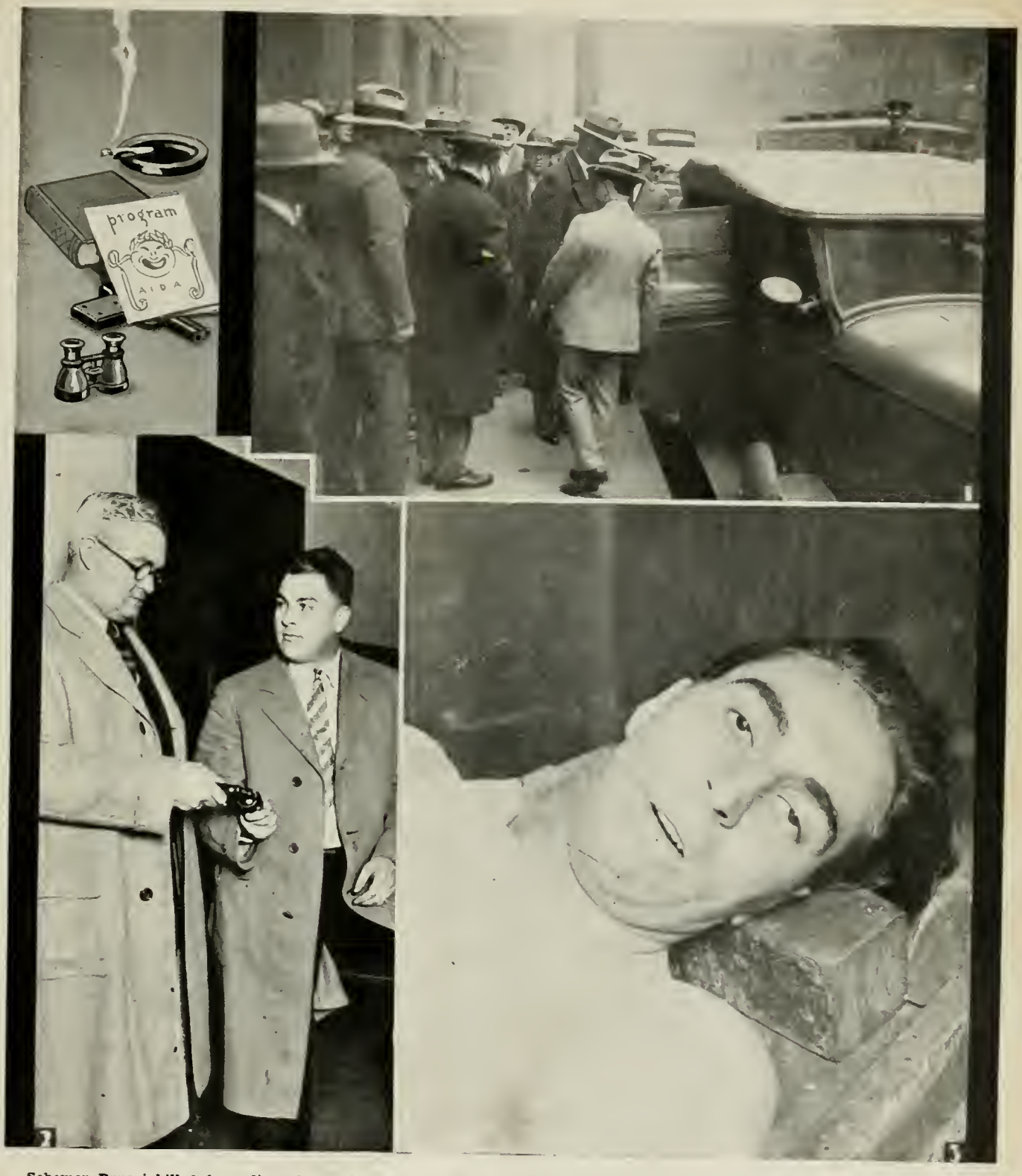
Gangland ushered in the new year, 1926, by removing one John Costenaro, a Sheldon beer customer, from the scene and, so far as this reporter can determine Mr. Costenaro has not yet been found. Efforts to completely do away with Theodore Anton were not so successful. Theodore, known as "The Greek," owned the Hawthorne Arms, headquarters of the Big Fellow. Theodore had been a pretty tough guy in his day and had come to the Capone gang with a creditable career in the prize ring to recommend him, but as the years rolled on something happened to him, and he made a big nuisance of himself by developing the evil of his ways and the ways of his companions and tenants. Anton carried sweetness and light to the point of hinting that he was through with sin and vice and that Capone's lease on the building would not be renewed. And so Anton the Greek was soon missing roll-call around the Hawthorne Arms Hotel, and, a long, long time afterward his body, or what was left of it, was removed from a hole of quick-lime in a vacant lot in Burnham, Indiana, near the backyard of Johnny Patton, Burnham's boy mayor and a good friend of Al Capone.

On the South Side, believe it or not, Edward "Spike" O'Donnell was accused of having designs on Joe Saltis, Lefty Koncil and their blue-eyed boy, John "Dingbat" Oberta, the eminent ward committeeman. Whether true or not, Koncil and Charles "Big Hays" Hrubec, were fired at on March 11 as they were touring in "Spike" O'Donnell's territory. "Lefty" and Hrubec jumped out of the car and were running at top speed for shelter in an apartment house lobby, when, overburdened by bullets, they collapsed in death. "Spike" O'Donnell did this foul murder," said Joe Saltis to newspaper reporters, "I am not in the beer racket." On the day of his release from the county jail, "Lefty," who was a rather nasty-tempered little fellow, snarled on page one that he had been pushed around long enough by certain persons on the South Side and that he himself intended to go in for pushing in a big way.

Vincent "Schemer" Drucci, successor to "Little Hymie" Weiss as leader of the North Side Gang. This is an early photograph of the opera-loving hoodlum, taken after he had spent a tough night in a jail cell.

Meanwhile Vincent Drucci, as leader of the North Side gangsters, had not been completely paralyzed by the peace conference. He had, indeed, been quite busy following Al Capone around, a privilege he had reserved mentally during the meeting and everywhere the Big Fellow went the Schemer was sure to follow. When he went to Hot Springs, Arkansas with a large body guard to rest up for the approaching mayoralty election in Chicago he did not know it, but the Schemer went along, too, taking with him numerous sawed off shut-guns, automatics and other instruments of warfare. In Hot Springs the "Schemer" made an unsuccessful attempt to murder the Big Fellow, but it was done so quietly that news of the affray reached the newspapers only by leakage.

When King Al returned to Chicago late in March the atmosphere was considerably mixed with gunpowder and



Schemer Drucci killed by police after a short reign as North Side leader. (Upper photo) The automobile in which the Schemer was shot while being taken to a courtroom by police. (2) Commissioner John Stege examining revolver which Sergeant Healy (left) used to kill Drucci. (3) Drucci in the morgue.

political applesauce. William Hale Thompson, silent four long years, had come out again, this time squarely against King George of England. Recognizing Thompson a swell skyrocket on which to shoot his own star skyward, Capone cheered to the extent of $200,000. Well, King George lost a great battle to Big Bill and to the Big Fellow. Chicago again became as wide open as it was in the good old days of Johnny Torrio; Capone, cooped up in Cicero by Mayor Dever for four years, again marched triumphantly into the Loop. Everything was going beautifully for the Big Fellow. Even the problem of doing something about Schemer Drucci had been wiped out of his mind, for, on the eve of the election, the Schemer was shot and killed as he rode from the Detective bureau to a North Side

courtroom in a squad car in custody of three detectives.

Tragically enough for the Schemer one of these detectives was a hard-boiled sergeant named Daniel Healy. It was Healy who had picked up the Schemer and one of his henchmen, Henry Finkelstein, as they stood sunning themselves on Diversey Boulevard. Picking up hoodlums was a passion with Sergeant Healy who thought that it brought him good luck. Once he had walked into a South Side saloon and helped himself to an automatic belonging to Joe Saltis. The automatic was in Joe's coat and Joe had the coat on at the time. "Oh, you're a tough guy, with a gun, eh?" inquired Mr. Saltis. Sergeant Healy offered to return the weapon but Joe, wisely enough, flatly refused. At any rate no sooner had Sergeant Healy deposited Drucci and Finkelstein in a jail cell, than an attorney appeared with a writ of habeas corpus. Out came Drucci and his henchman, and into the squad car, enroute to the courtroom. Drucci occupied a rear seat, with Sergeant Healy and one other officer. Finkelstein sat with the driver. Enough different stories have been told about what happened during the next five or ten minutes to stretch from the Rienzi hotel on Diversey Boulevard to Melrose Park. However, it is not important after all these years what Mr. Drucci said to Mr. Healy and what Mr. Healy said back to Mr. Drucci, for the altercation came to a tragic end when a bullet from Mr. Healy's revolver buried itself in Mr. Drucci's heart. Instead of going to a courtroom the squad car turned right around on the spot and proceeded to the county morgue where Mr. Drucci's body was propped up on a marble slab.

Here is Big Tim Murphy, Chicago's premier racketeer, and author of the luscious campaign slogan: "Vote for Big Tim Murphy—He's a cousin of mine." Big Tim was slain in a gambling war, recently climaxed with the assassination of Alfred "Jake" Lingle, racketeer newspaper reporter.

Of course there was a great hue and cry from the family and from the surviving members of the Schemer's gang, all of whom had become experienced in surviving by now. Crying murder, murder, murder they rushed to hire attorneys to see that justice was done, justice in this case being the prosecution of Mr. Healy. At the coroner's inquest a few days later four prominent criminal lawyers spat many mouthfuls of choice interrogations against a simple story related from the stand by Mr. Healy. In effect it was that Mr. Drucci had called him a punk copper and had reached for Mr. Healy's gun, but Mr. Healy having a longer reach, got there first. And Sergeant Healy went back to his job of picking up hoodlums just for good luck. The smart big city boys bespoke themselves out of the corners of their mouths that Sergeant Healy would get his in a very short while, but at this writing he is still up and about arresting hoodlums over in the tough Valley district "just for good luck."

The funeral of the Schemer was no shabby affair judged by upper-world standards, but, judged by the standards of Gangland it was a terrible flop. Whereas the last tributes to Messrs. Weiss, O'Banion, "Nails" Morton, Angelo Genna and Samoots Amatuna had been complete sell-outs with not even standing room, the final rites for Schemer Drucci were played to empty seats. No politicians wept copious tears over him; or bent over his casket to kiss him as had been done for Samuzzo. In the comparatively short parade to the cemetery you couldn't find a single automobile draped, as at the Weiss circus, with cloth signs urging you how to cast your ballot. Already decent folk had become weary of these displays, and the police had announced that squads would be in attendance to seize gangsters. But Al Capone was there. And so was George "Bugs" Moran, and Maxie Eisen, Frank and Pete Gusenberg, Potatoes Kauffman, Dapper Dan McCarthy, Jack McGurn, "Dingbat" Oberta, Frankie MacEarlane and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Saltis. Mrs. Drucci was consoled by Mrs. Dion O'Banion. The Big Fellow derived a great wallop of the fact that here was one of his enemies for whose death he would not be blamed, and he came fearlessly, even blithely. There is no record however that Alphonse wept any tears on "Bugs" Moran's shoulder because of their mutual loss. The Big Fellow was getting all the breaks just now, and he was sitting pretty on top of the underworld. One fine morning the Big Fellow discovered that he had become famous. His position had made him quite visible to the great naked eye of the public. For a time this attention may have tickled his vanity, but there is "heat" in the great naked eye of the public, no matter whether you're a king prizefighter, king aviator, king movie actor, king author or just plain governmental king this "heat" grows unbearable at times and you will find yourself running everytime you see a king. You run for the sole reason that you want privacy, you want to live your own life. Now when King Al began ankling it away from the following crowds he had two reasons. (1) To live his own life and (2) to live.

When King Al found himself in the Loop District after walloping King George at the mayoralty election he looked around carefully and was amazed to see that a lot of little gamblers were doing a great big business without having a king who had a standing army. This condition was observed simultaneously by George "Bugs" Moran and Barney Bertsche. In their desire to levy tribute from these little gamblers, Messrs. Capone, Bertsche, Moran and, a little later, the nine or ten Aiello brothers of the North Side, ushered another period of warfare into Chicago.

(1) Ralph Sheldon, forced by tuberculosis to retire as leader of the South Side gang. (2) John "Mitters" Foley, shot to death by Joe Saltis. Foley, a Sheldon gangster, was "a good boy" said his mother, "what if he did sell a little beer sometimes."

At the same time Bertsche, Moran and the Aiello boys further developed the scope of this growing crime syndicate by hooking up with Jack Zuta, over lord of a chain of vice resorts on the West Side. Jack and his chief lieutenant, Solly Vision, had been having a rather tough time of it all by themselves owing to the close proximity of several of their pleasure institutions to similar dives owned and operated by "Monkey-Faced" Charlie Genker, and another choice character, known as Mike de Pike Heitler.

Mike de Pike had definite Capone connections while Mr. "Monkey-Faced" Charlie,

Thsodore Anton, owner of the Hotel in which Capone established headquarters, as he looked when a youngster trying to get somewhere with his fists. (2) Anton in one of his few courtroom appearances. (3) X marks the spot where Anton's body was found after a long search. It was buried in quick-lime. Anton made a nuisance of himself trying to get out of the Racket.

strangely enough, operated on his own—a strange and inexplicable fact. "Monkey-Faced" Charlie had been an operator for many years, and maybe they tolerated him purely for sentimental reasons. It will be interesting to note that "Monkey-Faced" Charlie was a bosom friend of Julius Rosenheim, the well-known informer, who now, alas, is with us no more.

the "PINEAPPLE PERIOD"

In the warfare for control of loop gambling the great discovery was made by King Capone and Messrs. Bertsche, Moran and the Aiello brothers that, although pineapples are not indigenous to Chicago, they flourish as marvelously here as do potatoes in Ireland, if, of course they are cultivated properly. The laboratory experiments of these rival gang mobs may be said to have been made during their efforts to form a gambling syndicate of the Loop gambling joints and, having formed it, to gain utter and absolute control. The small fellow who ran a little game behind the counter was extremely averse to paying levy either to Al or Moran. This and other ramifications including the protracted abdication of the reigning gambling king, all too involved to be discussed here, brought on the great pineapple period. A pineapple, if tossed into a building properly, will make an insufferably loud noise. Windows bounce out of their frames, entire walls keel over, people scramble about in terror and the owner or proprietor of the building, surveying the ruins, remarks, "Well, well, I can't imagine who should have done such a thing to me, or why." But you may be sure that he is telling a big lie. It was just this sort of thing that began happening to the gamblers who cried robber when invited to join the syndicate, being formed by the Big Fellow and the North Side mob. So prevalent did pineapple cultivation become that the joke mongers the country over soon began using the word pineapple as a synonym for Chicago. Another reason was responsible for the fact that the Aiello brothers, of whom there are nine, began playing around with Moran and his new buddies, the Bertsche and Zuta mob. The Aiellos, long respectable merchants, devoutly desired control of the Unione Siciliane, a powerful Italian organization which at this time was under the leadership of Anthony Lombardo, who, as we have seen, had stepped out as an ally of Capone and had represented him at the peace conference following the demise of "Little Hymie" Weiss. And there, roughly sketched, you have the new scenery which appeared on the underworld stage following the re-election of William Hale Thompson. With "Bugs" Moran behind them, the Aiellos felt that the Big Fellow might be efficiently opposed, and when they approached Mr. Bugs he took the matter under advisement and spent several days thinking it over before he acquiesced. Big George Moran must have deplored the sad condition of affairs in his once proud mob which compelled him to align himself with an Italian organization. For years Bugs allowed himself to be widely quoted as saying that his first principle was never to let an Italian racketeer get behind him either in an automobile, a short saunter down the street, or in a business enterprise.

The underworld began to whisper early in 1927 that more and bloodier warfare was imminent. Meanwhile Capone had been attending to established business as usual and on July 27, one of his new competitors in Burnham paid for his usurpation with his life. At the same time he began muscling in on the Near North Side beer and alcohol business, thus violating the terms of the peace pact. A hoodlum of proven talent, Claude Maddox, was placed in charge of operations, and the first blow struck by the outraged Northsiders came on August 10, when Anthony K. Russo and Vincent Spicuzza came to a tragic end. But Capone was king and the unattached "hoods" were flocking to his standards. Others were deserting less powerful leaders and were casting their fortunes with him. One of these, at this time, was Jack McGurn, who had found himself tempermentally incapable of association with such men as Moran, Pete and Frank Gusenberg, Leo Mongoven, Barney Bertsche, Teddy Newberry and most of the others. King Capone admired Mr. McGurn and saw great possibilities in him. Two other gentlemen of the underworld, now famous, now devoted their services to him. They were John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, free at last from courtroom appearances, and ambitious to get into action. The Big Fellow's criticism of the new alliance on the North Side was first made in October when several automobiles, all equipped with machine guns, visited the Aiello headquarters which were in a small bakery on Division Street and deposited several hundreds of bullets all over the place, without, however, causing any casualties.

The Aiello-Moran-Bertsche-Zuta mob now began to make nuisances of themselves in a big way. An ambush was laid in the Atlantic hotel in the loop. From their front room the killers "covered" a cigar store across the street in which the Big Fellow occasionally made appearances. Luck was with him or else his lookouts were marvelously efficient for the Aiello killers upstairs were surprised one afternoon to find themselves trapped by the police. On the same day another ambush was uncovered, this one across the street from the residence of Tony Lombardo. Eleven Aiello boys including the leader, Joseph Aiello, were soon fuming in jail cells while lawyers flew about trying to obtain writs of habeas corpus. While still guests at the detective bureau an observant officer spotted three men loitering in front of the bureau and seized them. They were all Capone men, Louis "Little New York" Campagnia, Frank Beige and Sam Marcus. All carried light artillery and were waiting, merely to offer condolences to Joe Aiello and his boys. These incidents together with sporadic warfare in the Loop gambling country brought more and more "heat" upon the Big Fellow. He had become the favorite person to blame for everything and now the position became increasingly intolerable. But an election was coming on, a typical Chicago election and Capone could not yet shake himself away from the city. Chicago was stirring, the pent-up feeling against the Crowe-Thompson machine, was about to vent its wrath.

Ike Roderick, professional bondsman. It was Ike who bailed Dion O'Banion out of a jail cell following the famous Sieben brewery raid.

The atmosphere buzzed with prophecies as to what would happen at the polls when Judge John A. Swanson got through with State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, and when Louis Emmerson was done with Len Small. Crowe and Governor Small had been in office for seven and one-half years, and defeat was to over-take them. During the campaign Chicago produced a bumper pineapple crop, and the fruit was dirt cheap. Senator Deneen and his candidate for the state's attorney's office, Judge Swanson, both received pineapples at their homes on the same evening. Other persons who were not neglected include Ex-judge Barney Barasa, Municipal Judge John Sbarbaro, Larry Cuneo, brother-in-law and secretary to Crowe, and Morris Eller, political boss of the Valley District. At this time you will be interested in knowning that the Gusenbergs, Frank and Pete, spotted their old playmate, Jack McGurn, driving on the North Side. They trailed to a cigar store in the McCormick hotel, a short block off the Boul Mich on the Near North side. When they entered, cautiously, and with hands gripping gats, they found their quarry busily talking in a telephone booth. Now telephone booths, even in Chicago are not made with bullet-proof

glass, so Frank and Pete let Jack have it, and when they had reduced him to a crumpled position on the floor of the booth with blood streaming from his head and face, they bowed themselves out. But Jack was not dead, although well punctured. When the police called on him at the hospital, he told them that he did not know who had shot him or why, but that he would try his level best to find out just as soon as he could get around to it.

The election was held in a great cloud of smoke and with the better element wearing gas-masks at the polls. Judge John A. Swanson jumped out of the ballot boxes far in front of State's Attorney Crowe, and Mr. Thompson's machine was reduced to a feeble, sputtering condition. Agitation against gang anarchy continued with increasing gusto, a fact which inspired King Capone to depart on a long-needed vacation and when the press associations carried back stories to Chicago from Los Angeles, telling how detectives were pushing the Big Fellow around, one of the Chicago police officials declared that at last Gangland was beginning to disintegrate, and that its king was a homeless wanderer. The police then turned their attention to the sad case of Mr. Ben Newmark, formerly an investigator for State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, but now using his knowledge of the underworld to do a little muscling. Alas, alas, he didn't last long, for he was out on the South Side where sweetness and light had not yet penetrated. Election or no election, the boys on the South Side continued sporadic warfare, and so one day as Mr. Newmark sat in the front room of his little bungalow in front of a window reading a newspaper, two men and a machine gun got upon a soap box, took careful aim (at about four feet) and there was a loud report and that was the end of the latest South Side muscle. For two months it was quiet on all fronts, but on June 26, the newspapers duly chronicled the fate of Big Tim Murphy, politician, racketeer, labor leader, robber and jail bird. This famous character whom you really ought to know better than you can know him here had been given one of the numerous vice-presidencies in the Capone gang, just before the Big Fellow left on that vacation. Big Tim's duties lay mostly in the gambling field. One of his most ambitious ventures, a gambling house far out on Sheridan Road, which he had promoted in conjuction with Nicky Arnstein, had been knocked off and Big Tim, who had been out of Fort Leavenworth for only a short while, saw the need of making some good connections in a hurry. He seemed to have lost touch with the right guys during those prison years, and so he went over with the

O'BANION'S OLD GANG AS THEY LOOK TODAY. The dapper boy in the upper center is Joe Aiello, head of the Unione Siciliane. On the upper left we have Leo Mongoven, body guard to George "Bugs" Moran, who, at this writing had been missing for several weeks and was believed by some to have been taken for a ride. On the upper right we have George "Bugs" Moran, North Side leader. (1) "Potatoes" Kauffman (2) Barney Bertsche and (3) Jack Zuta.

Big Fellow, thinking himself again securely "in." Unfortunately Big Tim no longer lived out in his beloved back-of-the-yards district. His place of residence now was a charming little bungalow on the North Side, in pleasant Rogers Park. It was within cap-pistol hearing of another bungalow in which resided Joe Aiello. One warm June night the front door-bell of the Murphy domicile began to ring and ring and ring, and Big Tim, who was taking a nap, got up sleepily and went out. Nobody was there, except a couple of bullets and so the author of the priceless line, "vote for Big Tim Murphy he's a cousin of mine" rolled down the concrete steps a dead man.

Capone had left the management of his empire largely in the hands of Frank Nitti, known as the "enforcer" and Harry "Greasy Thumb" Gusick, convicted pander who had charge of a choice killing squad. Harry was ably assisted by Hymie "Loud Mouth" Levine. These boys succeeded in convincing Mr. Aiello and Mr. Moran that they could not prosper in Chicago unless drastic measures were taken to get a strong hold somewhere. There is a tale, probably apocryphal, that Joe and "Bugs" negotiated at this time for the services of the eminent Frankie Yale, whom we have met before. At any rate Frankie's greatest mistake of his long life was in aligning himself with the Aiello-Moran gang, for his punishment came on July 2, 1928 in New York. The mystery of his death still intrigues the New York police and, every time a Capone man drops into New York to see a fight or start one, the detectives push him off to jail and ply him with questions concerning the sad fate of Dion O'Banion's pet hatred. On the night of Frankie's murder detectives established the fact that three long distance telephone calls had been made from the New York home of the mother of a Capone gangster, Louis "Little New York" Campagnia, to Chicago. One was to the Hotel Metropole in Chicago, known at that time as the headquarters of Frank Nitti, another was to the home of a prominent Chicago citizen and the third to a certain garage in Cicero. With these clues you can write your own thriller.

The Aiellos' felt terribly about losing Frankie and they felt more terrible on July 25 when one of their own boys was murdered. He was Salvatore Canale and he was killed in front of his home one hot summer evening. But the Aiello mobsmen continued to tug away annoyingly at the Capone outfit, terrorizing alky cookers, throwing pineapples here and there, and taking pot shots at any Capone gangster they could find. It was not until September 7, 1928, however, that they succeeded in making a really important killing. The victim was Tony Lombardo, Capone lieutenant, and head of the Unione Siciliane and the manner in which he was eliminated was inexpressibly daring. The scene of his assassination was in front of Raklios restaurant on Madison street, just west of Dearborn and little more than a block from State and Madison streets, the world's busiest corner. The time was 4:20 P. M. Countless thousands of busy loop workers scurried about the streets, for it was nearing the rush hour and the loop was soon to be emptied of the office workers.

At 4:15 the immaculate Tony with his body guards, Tony Ferraro and Joseph Lolardo, left the offices of the Unione Siciliane in room No. 1102 Hartford Building, 8 South Dearborn Street. Next door, it may be said, Tony maintained an office of the Italian-American plan, a private loan bank. Walking North they turned west on Madison street and had not proceeded more than fifty feet when a group of men detached themselves from the crowd and quickly formed a circle around them. Shots rang out and when the police could establish a semblance of order in the panic-stricken crowd, they saw Mr. Lombardo, face in the gutter, lying in a pool of his own blood. Ferraro lay dying a few feet away. Lolardo was captured a block or more away as he darted into a shoe store. "I was pursuing one of the killers," explained Joe, "and I would have caught him if you hadn't butted in." Joseph however denied that he was with the slain men or that he was Tony's body guard. "I just happened to be passing," he explained. Still the police held heavy hands on him and they were still trying to pry information from him regarding the Mafia King when an attorney appeared. "Lolardo was an innocent bystander," the attorney declared, "and unless he is immediately released I will file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus." One line of questioning was that Lolardo him-

AL CAPONE'S BIG SHOTS. (1) Frankie Romano, alias Diamond. (2) Joe "Peppi" Genaro, in charge of Capone operations in the Calumet District. (3) Rocco Fanelli, who, in London, declared that a dollar in Chicago was more powerful than any police broom. (4) The boy with the smile is "Molps" Volpe, the boy wonder of Gangland. (5) Al Capone, the Big Fellow.

Tony Lombardo, King of the Mafia, and a lieutenant for Alphonse Capone. (Left) Madison and Dearborn Streets where Lombardo was assassinated one summer afternoon.

self had put his companions on the spot. At the same time a report was current that King Al, en route to Florida, had dropped in town and was hiding somewhere in Cicero. A choice dab of apple-sauce had it that he lay in deadly fear of assassins. If Capone was afraid of anything it was the great eye of the public.

The murder of Tony Lombardo, King of the Mafia, was a great sensation, for at that time it stood out as the most daring crime yet committed in Chicago by gangsters. The Underworld was quiet for a few weeks while Tony was being laid away. To the alky cookers for the Capone gang who lived in the so-called Aiello-Moran district Lombardo's death was a great calamity. Aiello would assume control of the Unione Siciliane, they believed, and he would surely begin a war of extermination among them. And so, while Lombardo's body lay in its casket, the terrified Capone henchmen began a quiet but quick exodus from the district bounded by Division street, Chicago avenue, Sedgwick and Larrabee streets. Signor Nitti, the "enforcer" could not stem the wave of Italians who scurried back to the old Genna district, and Signor Aiello looked upon the spectacle and found it good. The Capone gang held several huddles with the result that further action was ordered on the principle that the best defense is a swell offence. To the dismay of Signor Aiello he did not become successor to Tony Lombardo as head of the Unione Siciliane. Somehow that coveted position again came into the hands of a Capone man—Pasqualino Lolardo, elder brother of Joseph Lolardo, the body guard of Lombardo. At the same time Mr. Nitti, acting under instructions which continually came to him from the roving Big Fellow, dispatched more muscle men into the Aiello territory. Some of the men who were immediately under the leadership of the new Mafia King were such talented thugs and pistoleers as John Scalice, Albert Anselmi, Claude Maddox, alias Johnny Moore, who had graduated from the Egan Rats mob of St. Louis, Tough Tony Caprezzio, strong-arm artist de luxe, and Murray Humphreys. Headquarters for this dangerous Capone group were in a dingy and squalid little dive, pleasantly known as The Circus, located at 1651 North Avenue. For a long time Pasqualino directed these boys in a campaign of terror. Alky stills were bowled over by the dozen, soft-drink parlors on the Near North Side were bombed with such regularity that it sounded like the Fourth of July in Ankeny, Iowa. Life became a misery for those unfortunates who had aligned themselves under the so-called protection of Joe Aiello, George "Bugs" Moran, Barney Bertsche and Jack Zuta. Pasqualino raised so much general hell on the Near North side that these terrified Italians who had fled the district following Lombardo's death now began moving in again. Well, now what do you think Mr. Aiello did about this? You are right, for on January 2, 1929, a second Mafia King was placed beyond the aid of attorneys and legal writs.

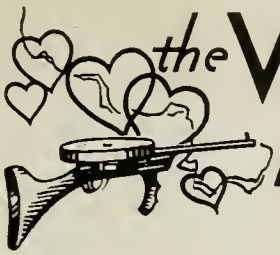
Pasqualino Lolardo, successor to Tony Lombardo, as he was found in his apartment after entertaining three "friends." Note the Bourbon and the wine.

When the police were summoned to the Lolardo home after an uncommonly long time, they found the Mafia King's body lying in a luxurious front room. His face had been shot away and he could hardly be recognized. Except for a beautiful velvet pillow which she had tenderly shoved under his head the body, said the widow, had not been touched. She did not talk very much, but the little table in the center of the room with its half-empty glasses of whisky spoke eloquently on the circumstances of the man's death.

With his wife Lolardo had returned to their home from a loop shopping tour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At the entrance to the stairway leading to their flat, a cheap and dismal looking place outside, they were met by three men whom the widow said she had seen many times for several years. She did not, however, know their names. All went upstairs and Mrs. Lolardo spread a lunch for the three men who departed at about 3 o'clock. Five minutes later however there was a knock on the rear door. Mrs. Lolardo was in the kitchen ironing at the time and she did not get a good look at them, she said, when they were admitted by her husband. For half an hour or more the visitors made whoopee and there was much clinking of glasses, joking and loud laughing. And then at 4 o'clock, according to Mrs. Lolardo, the gun-play started. There was a scramble for the door and when Mrs. Lolardo walked into the front room she found herself a widow. The pillow was slipped under his head and the widow went to answer the door-bell being rung by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Lolardo, wife of the well-known body guard.

Anna Lolardo, the sister-in-law, telephoned a funeral parlor for an ambulance and the attendants came, took one look at Mr. Lolardo and summoned the police. During the questioning of Mrs. Lolardo it was finally extracted from her that she had really got a good look at the last visitors and, when a picture of Joe Aiello was pushed in front of her face, she nodded that one of the visitors was he. While she was still in custody an effort was made to find Mr. Aiello but it was unsuccessful, although eighteen or twenty of his henchmen were gathered together from the dives, pool-halls and bakery on the North Side. All were paraded before the widow but she recognized none of them as her husband's guests. Resolute attempts were made to solve this murder, and it will be important to remember that wires were tapped at several places and that Mr. Joseph Lolardo was heard to say that he would get even with a certain mob. The murder was never technically solved, although it was established that Mr. Lolardo's visitors were not all Italians.

The death of Lolardo again brought moving day to the Capone alky cookers on the Near North Side. It also brought control of the Unione Siciliane to Joe Aiello and what appeared to be a rosy future for his allies. It also brought a fierce and deadly determination to the hearts of the Circus mob to avenge themselves. A few weeks later the Valentine Massacre happened.



the Valentine MASSACRE

We come now to the bloody exercises in which Gangland graduates from murder to massacre. The exercises are to be held in an unpretentious little brick garage at 2122 North Clark Street behind whose well-concealed front entrance George "Bugs" Moran has established a whisky depot in charge of which he has placed two of his toughest and most capable lieutenants, Frankie and Peter Gusenberg. Whisky trucks are kept here when not in use. Johnny May, a first-class automobile mechanic, toils over them when they are off the road keeping them in tip-top shape mechanically. The garage is an ideal place in which to hold Gangland's graduating exercises, a fact which had been established months before, and, since that time the gentlemen who are to perform the exercises have been awaiting the signal which will inform them that the most important North Side gangsters are on the spot and their time has come.

Since December 18 the "observers" who are commissioned to make this signal have sat patiently behind tattered lace curtains in two front rooms of the boarding house upstairs immediately across the street. It is now February 14, 1929, and finally one of the many ruses employed by the masters of ceremonies has succeeded for the big shots of the North Side gang are assembling in the whisky depot. Pete and Frank Gusenberg are first to slip into the little door. Johnny May, the mechanic comes a few minutes later. Adam Heyer and James Clark turn into the door with Dr. Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, the physician with the hoodlum complex. The "observers" glance nervously at their watches, mumbling a few words perhaps about the failure of George "Bugs" Moran to keep this rendezvous. At this time they bend forward to see still another caller entering the garage. He is Al Weinshank, the small-time bootlegger who has stepped in to buy some "goods" for his "respectable" little speakeasy at 4207 Broadway. Al has his big police dog, High-ball with him. The "observers" are chagrined because George "Bugs" has not arrived, but believing that he will be along at any moment, decide to make the long-awaited signal. One of them slips away to a telephone. End of scene one.

It is now shortly after 11 o'clock—about fifteen minutes since the telephonic signal was made. A youth, George A. Brichet, loitering at the mouth of the alley behind the garage, observes a "squad" car glide noiseless up to the rear entrance and stop. Three men are in the car, two of them are in the uniform of policemen. Each carries a large box-like contraption wrapped roughly with newspapers. Curious young Brichet thinks that he is about to witness a raid, the first one he has ever seen in his life, and he races around to the front entrance, just in time to see what appears to be another "squad" car stop in front of the garage. Another group of armed men enter. Young Brichet pauses. He would like to "bust" right in after them, but the chauffeur of the big Cadillac growls at him to move on. Hurrying northward the youth selects a spot several hundred feet away from where he can at least steal glimpses and, maybe, when the "pinch" is made there will be a crowd and he can slip up to the entrance again when the "cops" bring 'em out. End of scene two.

Inside the garage six men are all busily engaged in a conversation. Two of them sit on a little bench in the corner. Four are standing a few feet away. Johnny May, the mechanic, is down there under the truck tightening its bolts. High-ball, the great police dog, is leashed to a wheel of the truck and, from the six or seven feet of freedom thus accorded him, he barks and leaps playfully around.

The telephone rings sharply in the little office which is built directly in front of the window, thus obstructing the rear view from people passing along the street. One of the men turns and walks rapidly into the office. Presently he comes back again, saying that Al Weinshank is wanted on the wire. Weinshank speaks repeatedly into the mouthpiece, but there is no answer. He clicks the instrument impatiently and, finally the operator informs him that the party hung up. Weinshank, a little mystified, returns to the floor. Gangland has placed seven men on the spot, and the graduating ceremonies are about to commence.

A door-knob turns. The men in conversation turn to look. Two "policemen," one holding a large package, walk easily toward them, followed by two men in street garb—probably "dicks" think the men who are on the spot. A few seconds later and the rear door swings open and two more men enter. Hard-boiled Pete Gusenberg begins to snarl. Frankie makes a wise-crack. Just another goddam raid by some punk coppers. How'd they get here. Somebody is going to get a swell ride for this bum rap. Oh, well fortunately there's nothing in the joint now. That's one good break.

The intruders quickly tear newspapers from their "packages" revealing two machine-guns, and now, perhaps for the first time it dawns upon these six men here that this is no time for defiant words or wise-cracks. It may be even that Frankie and Pete or one of the others recognize some of these men beneath their coppers caps and uniforms, and that with recognization comes swift and awful realization that their hour has come at last.

There is a command from one of the intruders, emphasized perhaps by a choice bit of blasphemy. Defiantly the two men who have been sitting on the bench rise slowly to their feet. All turn round, hands raised heavenward, to the wall. At this moment Johnny May, is spotted lying beneath the truck. Another command and an oath

Four of the seven Victims of the Valentine Day Massacre. (Left to right) James Clark, Albert Weinshank, Frank Gusenberg and his brother, Pete Gusenberg.

brings him scrambling to his feet and he too takes his place in line. High-ball is no longer barking. Now he leaps ferociously at the intruders, his white teeth showing, but alas Al Weinshank has tied that leash too securely. It all happens in a few minutes and yet there has been ample time for Pete Gusenberg, standing at the right of the line, to realize that this is a mission of murder, and that his only chance to beat back death is the little automatic revolver in his hip pocket. With a fierce cry and an oath his hand drops like a plummet to that hip pocket, and his fingers are just closing upon the butt of it when the address of the graduating ceremonies commences. It is delivered quickly, artistically, and with masterful effectiveness. Approximately 150 bullets pour from those machine guns and only a few fail to find lodgment in the doomed men standing there against the white-washed wall of brick. With the first outburst of fire the doomed men begin to scream and curse, but the steady rattling stream of lead plays upon them so expertly that only one moves out of line in an effort to escape. The steel bullets tear into the heads of these men, splintering skulls, splattering brains. Except for the man on the end who had tried to escape and collapsed on a chair in grotesque posture, they fall to the floor in the order in which they had stood. Now that all are lying on the blood and grease streaked floor, a second stream of death plays over them, again tearing into bone and flesh.

Six or seven minutes ago Arthur Brichet had been ordered to move along. Now, standing against the wall of the building two or three hundred feet away, he can hear a low rumble from within the garage. Presently the group of "policemen and detectives" emerge casually from the building, step into the automobile, and are driven smoothly away towards North Avenue. He sees the "squad" car weaving in and out of the traffic traveling rapidly, but not too rapidly. He walks toward the garage. He can hear the loud continuous barking of a dog. End of scene two.

Mrs. Jeanette Landsman, who lives at 2124 North Clark street which is just next door to the garage, hears rattling gun-fire, voices of men screaming and swearing. She rushed down stairs to the sidewalk and peers through the window of the garage, but, because of the office cannot see what has happened behind. She is afraid to enter. At this moment a pedestrian passes. She turns to him, saying that she heard shots in there. "I'll see if anything's wrong," says the man smilingly. And, in a most un-Chicagoan like manner, steps into the garage. A few seconds later he bursts out again, shaking, his face ghostly white. He can scarcely speak. "There's dead men all over the place," he finally cries as he runs away shouting "I'll call the police."

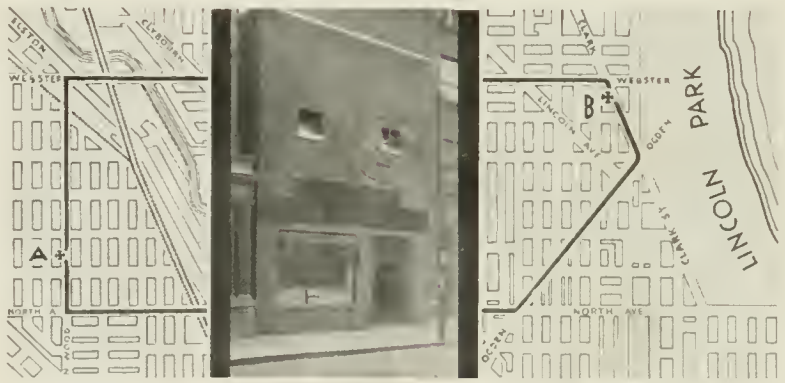
And the police come. In horror they pause before the shambles. Both officers have seen service in the World War but there is something about this sight that is inexpressibly more awful than war. In the dimness of the room their eyes fall upon the figure of a man crawling upon his hands and knees across the floor. Recovering from their first shock they now rush to his aid. It is Frank Gusenberg. More dead than alive he mumbles something pretty strange for him. It is that he hopes no one will ever suffer as he suffers. The officers, realizing that Frank is dying, ply him with questions as they move him carefully towards the door, but Frank is true to the code of the half-world in which he has lived so long and he will say nothing . . . Squads of police and detectives appear in automobiles, horns honking, gongs clanging. Taxi-cabs draw up and photographers and newspaper reporters pour out. The street becomes jammed and the Clark and Broadway street cars are stalled in long lines in the narrow street. Upstairs behind the little frayed lace curtains the masters of ceremonies sneak out and downstairs and, singly, disappear into the surging crowd. Their job is done and done well. The ceremonies are over. In a morning newspaper office far away in the direction of the Loop District, a rewrite man who has heard the first story of this holocaust, sits himself calmly at a typewriter and begins a matchless story. He taps out the story in a single line, namely that Gangland has graduated from murder to massacre.

AFTERMATH

The whole world reeled before this one in horror and unbelief. Newspapers everywhere published the amazing crime and the Valentine Massacre of Chicago was discussed in the far corners of the earth. Defenders of Chicago's reputation looked on the atrocity helplessly and in dismay. Here was a crime which even the cynical Chicagoan could not dismiss with a superficial gesture. It seemed absurd now to say that since Gangland murdered only those who belonged to Gangland why bother about it? George "Bugs" Moran disappeared shortly after the crime but before he left one newspaper obtained one crisp comment from him. It was this: "Only one gang kills like that—the Capone gang." This line was carried over the wires to Al Capone who was in Florida and he had one all ready for it. "They don't call that guy 'Bugs' for nothing," was what the Big Fellow said.

With each successive smoking edition of the Chicago newspapers for a solution of the crime and punishment for its perpetrators swelled in bitter intensity. Thoughtful persons filled column after column with suggestions as to how the said conditions which made such a thing possible might be remedied. Not since the unsolved murder of McSwiggin, the "hanging prosecutor" from the state's attorney's office, had public indignation developed such a temperature. William E. Russell, commissioner of police, commanded to run the murderers to earth, summoned Deputy Commissioner of Detectives John Stege home from a vacation to work on the case. Commissioner Stege at that time was spending a vacation in Florida and Cuba with a group of friends among whom was included Alfred "Jake" Lingle, veteran Chicago Tribune police reporter, who was later to be put on the spot by Gangland.

During the relentless series of investigations instituted by Commissioner Stege every Capone gangster in Chicago was, at one time or another, haled into detective bureau headquarters and passed in review before eye-witnesses whose names were, for a long time, withheld from the public. Three men were positively identified, Jack McGurn, and John Scalice. At the same time one of the eye-witnesses identified, Fred Burke, notorious criminal, from a picture in the rogues gal-



Map showing route believed to have been traveled by automobile carrying Valentine Massacre killers from garage, in which their automobile was later found, to 2122 North Clark Street, scene of the slaying. (Insert) Front view of 2122 North Clark Street.

lery. Burke did not confine his activities to any one gang or city. Formerly a member of the notorious Egan Rats of St. Louis, Burke had been a machine-gunner with the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War, and was wanted in five American cities for as many murders at the time of the Valentine Massacre. This choice criminal is still at large. Shortly after the massacre he narrowly escaped capture in Benton Harbor, Michigan, where he posed as a respectable citizen. When his little bungalow was raided, after the precipitate flight of Mr. Burke, police discovered three machine guns and several hundred bullets. In escaping Mr. Burke shot and killed a traffic cop who wanted to bawl him out for running through a traffic light. Incidentally the reward for his capture now stands at the substantial total of $100,000.

Johnny Suave "Dingbat" Oberta, at left, with his body guard, Sammy Malaga, holding an athletic trophy. The "Dingbat" and Sammy were inseparable in life and when Oberta was found dead in his automobile the police looked around for Sammy. Sure enough there he was just a few feet away, his body floating in a small stream.

Arthur Brichet, the boy who was told to move on, identified John Scalice and Jack McGurn as did one woman eye-witness and both were eventually indicted. McGurn was arrested in a room in the Stevens Hotel where he was holding gala with a sinuous blonde. Louise Rolfe, now known to fame as the "blonde alibi." No machine guns were in Jack's luxurious quarters, but he was not entirely without protection for over on the bureau within convenient reach was a .45 automatic pistol and a .32 revolver. The woman who identified Jack also said that she had seen him before with a number of men who played around the Circus Cafe on North Avenue.

As you might expect when the police finally came upon John Scalice he was with his old partner, Albert Anselmi. Two women identified John, but they couldn't remember having ever met Mr. Anselmi before. The case against Jack McGurn eventually was nolle prossed. As for Scalice a sad but inevitable fate overtook him before the day scheduled for his court appearance and, would you believe it, he was in company at the time with his old partner, Albert Anselmi. These two boys were always together. We shall return to them at the proper time.

Seven days after the Valentine Massacre the police discovered one of the automobiles which had transported one group of the "'executioners" to 2122 North Clark Street. Discovery was made in a garage in the rear of 1723 North Woods Street, three blocks from the Circus Cafe. The "massacre car" had been dismembered with a blow-torch, gasoline had been poured over the parts and then set afire in an effort to destroy all identifying marks. It was definitely established with the discovery of the automobile that it had been "faked" to resemble a police squad car. The garage had been rented several days before the massacre, and, according to the owner, the renters, three men, gave their addresses as the Circus Cafe. An exhaustive investigation from the automobile angle of the Valentine horror which took many months finally left detectives with nothing more than a number of fictitious names.

A raid made on the day following the massacre found the Circus Cafe not open for business. Doors were locked, tables overturned and Messrs Maddox, Cappreззio, Humphreys and Rocco Belcastro, the big bombing boy, were nowhere around.

Three months later, however, when public temperature had dropped a few degrees, these choice gentlemen appeared at detective headquarters where they suffered themselves to be interviewed by reporters and Commissioner Stege. All had nice, detailed stories as to their movements

(1) Johnny Genaro, one of Capone's adept bomb tossers, fell out with another Capone bomber, James Belcastro, and Johnny was put on the spot. In the hospital Johnny violated Gangland's code by "squawking" that Belcastro engaged two killers to do the dirty work. (2) Julius Rosenheim, an informer of rare touch, met a fate common to all gentlemen of the underworld who whisper and squawk and inform into the ears of the "wrong guys." Official attention has again been focused on the life and activities of Mr. Rosenheim, since the murder of Jake Lingle.

on the morning of February 14, 1929 and, after kindly and smilingly posing for photographs, they departed.

Where was George "Bugs" Moran on the day his gallant lieutenants were put on the spot? And how did it happen that George himself failed to show up at 2122 North Clark street in response to the invitation that it would be to his advantage as a truck load of hi-jacked liquor would be offered for sale. All these questions were asked on every hand before the bodies of his men had been removed from the blood and grease on the cement floor. Well, there was nothing exciting about the answer when it finally came, several months later. Sitting in the office of Commissioner Stege the man who held the throne once occupied by Dion O' Banion and "Little Hymie" Weiss, said very plainly that he was at home at the time, suffering with a light touch of the "flu." This looked bad for those romanticists who had argued that "Bugs" acting on a hunch, had remained away from the spot at the last minute, and that, as a matter of fact he was one of the hundreds who packed the narrow street in front of the garage when the perforated bodies of his men were discovered.

Moran left Chicago a few days later for Canada and did not return for several months. One day he suddenly appeared at the detective bureau, protected by his lawyer. "Bugs" is very self-conscious and nervous when in this institution, but he had obviously carefully prepared himself for the ordeal of saying yes and no. It may be interesting to record that, when asked concerning his relations with Pete and Frank Gusenberg and all the other victims, Moran replied: " I didn't have nothing to do with those guys. I wasn't ever in that garage in my life; it looked too much like the floral shop to me."

A day or so later Joe Aiello also appeared at the bureau concerning a little matter of murders—the murder of Lolardo particularly. "Chief, two years ago de Chief O'Connor, he tell me to get out of town," said Joe, "and I go, efen though I never do nothing wrong. Chief, I like your Chicago. I wanta live here and be a respectable man in my bakery." Before Joe left, he denied ever having met anyone by the name of Moran.

One thing is certain. The police did not particularly grieve over the passing of the Gusenbergs, Pete and Frank. These boys had been raising hell in Chicago for many years, and while news of their violent deaths did not exactly inspire rousing cheers, the remarks made several days after the massacre by Chief of Detectives John Egan concerning the average life of the gangster may not be interpreted as coming from a saddened heart. "The average life of the Chicago gangster," said Detective Egan, "is about 30 to 31 years, and that rate Pete who was about 36, had lived five or six years beyond his allotted time. Frank Gusenberg who was 38 years old, was about seven or eight years over-due at the morgue. They must have been mighty careful of themselves to last as long as they did.

Chief Egan said that Clark, being 32, was a year or two late, while Al Weinshank had his coming to him for the past four or five years. Johnny May, said Chief Egan, was bumped off right on schedule, and Adam Hyer who was only 29, got cheated out of a year.

(Upper photograph) Dominck Aiello, minor member of the North Side gang. (Lower photograph) The last public appearance of Dominck Aiello.

100 DAYS and where is MR. SALTIS

"Pollack" Joe Saltis lost a great deal of prestige in Boozedom in 1928 when he submitted to capture and was "settled" in the Cook County jail for two months on a charge of violation of the liquor laws. The feat of clamping a beer baron in the "can" was not accomplished with all the ease of falling off a log, however, for Mr. Saltis made himself scarce except to his beer clients for 139 days, by actual newspaper count, before he was finally apprehended. The newspapers made a great deal of noise about the search for Mr. Saltis and, every day for 139 days, you could open up your newspaper and see in very large type the numbers 102 days and no Mr. Saltis or 103 days and no Mr. Saltis and so on and on up until the day Joe was brought in mumbling "I'm out of the beer racket, and this is a bum rap." The public took a great deal of interest in the newspaper count, which, until the Dempsey-Tunney fight was looked upon as the longest count Chicago had ever seen. It had all the wallop of a serial story with the hot stuff continued until tomorrow.

When Joe was emptied from the jail cell he made straight for the flower shop in the back-of-the-yards district where his affairs were being ably directed by his lieutenants, amiable John "Dingbat" Oberta and Paddy Sullivan. Joe was in a tranquil condition of mind for the next few weeks, but panic struck him and the "Dingbat" when they came upon a newspaper story which said that all hoodlums in Chicago were to be submitted to a mental test. If found of unsound mentality, as most assuredly they would be, suggested the story, they would be confined for treatment. Joe and the "Dingbat" may not have been afraid of machine guns, pistols, automatics and pineapples, but words like psychology, phychiatry, psychopathic, were monstrous and inexplicable terrors, and their first quarrel is said to have been precipitated when the "Dingbat," who pretended to be book-learned couldn't rattle off a definition of psychoparesis. But Little Johnny restored himself in his boss's estimation when he hit on the scheme of having their own personal psychiatrist examine them and give them a certificate of high and normal intelligence. And so, a few days later, Chicago was treated to the spectacle of "Pollack" Joe and Johnny "Dingbat" Oberta in the office of the police commissioner proudly waving certificates of mental health. "We won't have to play with no blocks," said Johnny and Joe as they walked away, and then, catching himself, he said, "I mean we won't have to play with any blocks." Safe from confinement in the "bug" house Joe and Johnny and their henchmen now began to look around for Edward "Spike" O'Donnell. Joe hadn't had a shot at "Spike" for many months and the strain was telling on him. Besides rumors were reaching Joe that "Spike" was about to make a great beer offensive and had surrounded himself with a formidable gang of muscle men. One of them, strangely enough was the redoubtable Frankie MacEarlane and his kid brother, Vincent. The underworld gossiped for a long time about the split between Saltis and Frank who had been pals from the very beginning. The truth was that MacEarlane could no longer endure the nasty-nice "Dingbat." As we have seen MacEarlane was at heart a bank-robber and, just to keep in practice, used to wander around knocking over a safe here and there. When Saltis was in jail the "Dingbat" tried to clamp down on Frankie, telling him that he would spoil the real dough for all of them if he persisted in the bank-busting tendency. "Aw, hell," responded Frankie, "It takes real brains to hoist a bank. And to hell with this Sunday School outfit. I'll make some real connections." The fact that his boss, Saltis, was in jail was proof enough to Frankie that he was in with a wrong bunch of guys.

Saltis saw no real obstacle from the Sheldon mobsters who, it was then being rumored, were having internal trouble. Sheldon, suffering from tuberculosis aggravated by constant breathing of gun-powder, was ordered by his physician to seek strength in the purer atmosphere of Arizona. He did so, leaving his mob in charge of Danny Stanton, an arrangement which was okeyed by the Big Fellow, Al Capone. Stanton, a former member of the "four horsemen" group of taxi-cab sluggers which also included John "Mitters" Foley, had for his right hand men, Hugh "Stubby" McGovern and William "Gunner" McPadden, both tough boys de luxe who had been brought up from babyhood in the famous Ragan Colts gang. At this time Joe Saltis, finding it difficult to buy beer elsewhere and impossible to manufacture it, made connections with the Big Fellow. King Capone welcomed Big Joe but told him to behave himself and to stay out of Danny's territory.

Frankie Rio, body guard of the Big Fellow, Alphonse Capone. Frankie was arrested in Philadelphia with Al and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in jail for carrying concealed weapons.

Not passed out, but passed on. William "Gunner" McPadden, an ally of Danny Stanton, was killed in the famous Granada Cafe on the eve of the New Year, 1929, by George Maloney, killer de luxe for Michael "Bubs" Quinlan, bourbon baron.

As Joe was therefore able to concentrate on "Spike" O'Donnell, while Danny Stanton's mob enjoyed peace and prosperity until another gang, headed by Michael "Bubs" Quinlan and George Maloney, moved up to the beer front, doing a specialty business in Canadian whisky. "Bubs" Quinlan first came to underworld attention as a body guard for Tommy Tuit, notorious South Side gambler, while Maloney, a killer of great capabilities, had been in business for himself for many years. He would work for any individual or any organized gang, and his services were always in demand. Maloney carried two revolvers, both of .38 caliber, in leather-lined pockets. Maloney is said to be the first Chicago gunman to saw off the barrels of revolvers of .38 caliber. With the possible exception of Frankie MacEarlane, Maloney was Chicago Gangland's most terrible killer. Maloney, unlike MacEarlane, had a touch of dash and romance about him, and already legends have sprung up about his deeds and his strange and paradoxical personality.

Meanwhile Saltis, wearying of the routine of life on the South Side, was spending more and more of his time in Wisconsin where he had purchased a great estate. The "Dingbat" had proven himself a capable lieutenant and Joe came to Chicago seldom and then only in emergencies. On October 11, 1928, while Joe was in Wisconsin, the first outbreak of gunplay took place between "Dingbat" and the O'Donnell mob. Little Johnny, his body guard, Sammy Malaga, and a member of his mob, George Darrow, were parked near "Spike's" home in an automobile. What saved "Spike's" life on this occasion was the timely arrival of the police. "Spike," jumping out of his car, had tackled Darrow and was holding him when the police squad car came up. Oberta and Malaga took to their heels after firing several shots, and the police arrested both "Spike" and Darrow. Both were charged with disorderly conduct when it became plain that "Spike" would not charge Darrow with attempted murder. They paid fines and "Spike" climbed onto a soap-box to announce formerly his re-entry into the beer racket, an announcement which came as a staggering surprise to most Chicagoans, including the police, who did not know that "Spike" had ever been out of it. And, as a matter of fact, he hadn't. "Yes sir," said Spike, "I'm now in the beer racket. I've got a bunch of blue-eyed Irish boys who won't stand any pushing around either. A lot of guys had better wise up to themselves and lay off."

And with that "Spike" returned to his blue-

Hugh "Stubby" McGovern, companion of McPadden, was also shot and killed by Maloney during the New Year's celebration. Maloney was arrested on the spot with a smoking pistol, but, despite this fact, he was acquitted. Several hundred merry-makers were unable to identify Maloney as the killer.

eyed Irish boys, most of whose names had incidentally "ski" appended to them. His companion in jail for disorderly conduct, George Darrow, returned to the South Side and met violent death nine days later. Not because he needed the money but because his was an exuberent nature brimming over with vitality and needed expression, George occasionally regaled himself by a "stick-up" or a road-house hold-up and on this occasion he was efficiently shot and killed. Meanwhile the Stanton gang was doing a little shooting with the Quinlan gang which had been prospering via the muscle route into the Stanton preserves, and on October 14, 1928, a stray machine gun bullet intended for "Bubs" reached instead his companion, Ralph J. Murphy, a bartender, and Murphy was killed instantly. The machine gun was operated by Hugh "Stubby" McGovern, standing in the basement of a house across the street. From that day on Mr. McGovern was a marked man for George Maloney, the boy with the sawed off .38 set out for him. While George was "tailing" McGovern, the attention of the police was directed to a sensational unsuccessful attempt made by Leo Mongoven and Frank Foster, North Side gangster, to shake-down an ex-racketeer, Abe Cooper, who had become a broker and had gone straight. Abe withstood the shake-down and was being hustled into an automobile, parked on LaSalle Street in the loop, for a "ride" when, suddenly he whipped out a revolver and began firing. Frankie disappeared into the crowds, but Leo, seriously wounded, fell to the pavement. The incident stands out as an excellent example of what happens to gangsters who attempt to quit and become respectable. Cooper was one of the few who was able to enforce his new standing but it took his old trusty "gat" to do it. Quiet in Gangland for a period. On December 29 George Maloney, still trailing, "Stubby" McGovern, dropped into the Granada Cafe, a famous South Side night club and, would you believe it, across the room he spied McGovern and William "Gunner" McPadden, making whoopee with the aid of two young women. George figured that he had spent enough time looking for "Stubby" and that he would finish the job now and to hell with the hundreds of merry-makers there assembled. George got to his feet, walked slowly over to McGovern's table and, shooting from his pocket, finished "Stubby" with two bullets. He then directed that famous .38 toward Mr. McPadden and he too, with two bullets in his body, went skidding out

John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, two of Gangland's most sinister figures. Imported to this country by Mike Genna they made their debut in a sensational gun battle in which Mike and two policemen were killed. Finally released from prosecution they allied themselves with Capone. Rumors had it that they dreamed of killing the Big Fellow with the resnlt that they themselves were put on the spot. (Lower picture) X marks the Spot where they were found dead in an automobile on ths Indiana State line.

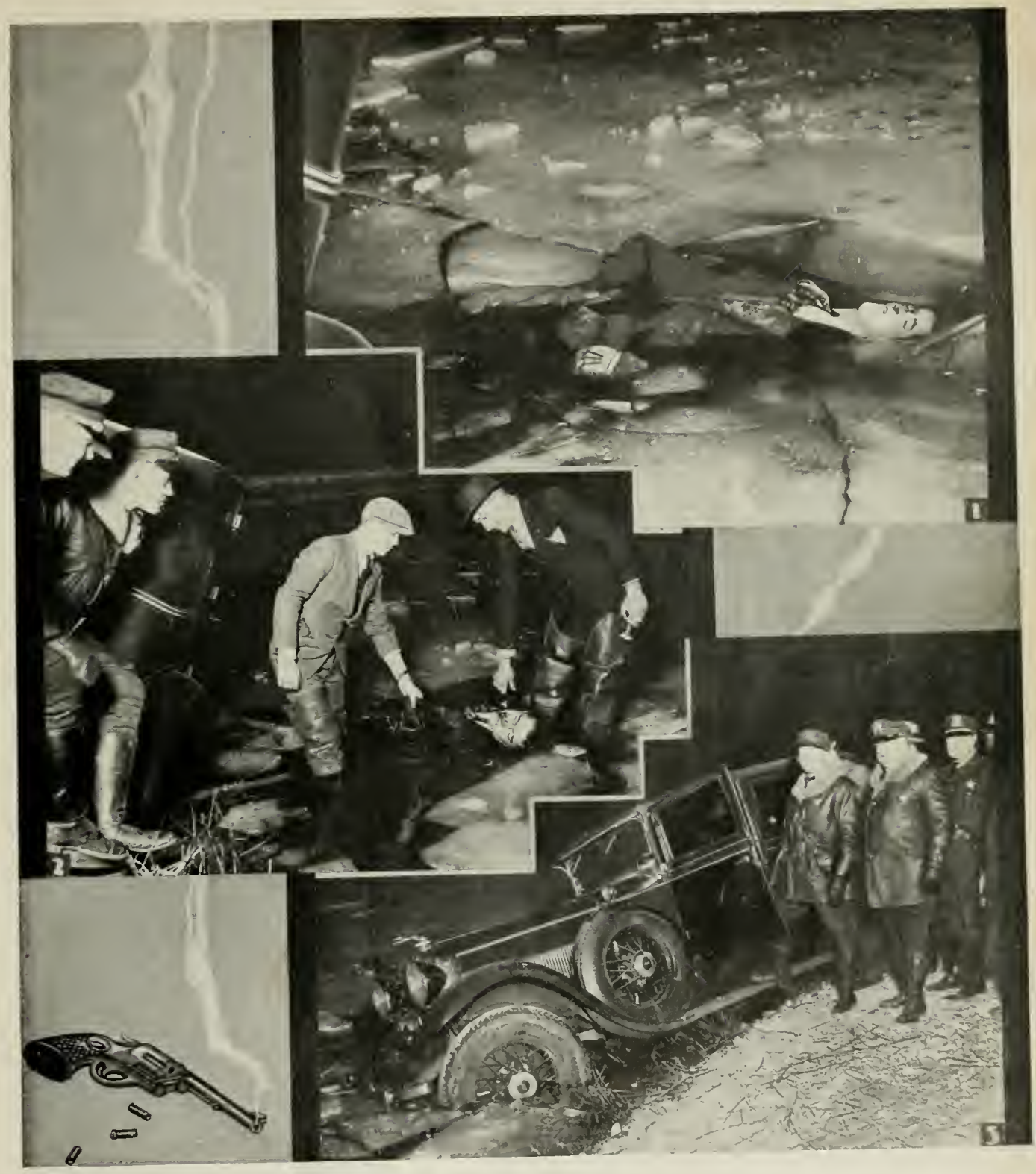
onto the dance floor, very much a dead man. By this time the noise had attracted the attention of a policeman outside, Officer Timothy Sullivan, who had been detailed to the Granada to look for automobile thieves. Timothy came puffing into the cabaret just in time to see Maloney, huddled behind an over-turned table, gently depositing his .38 on the floor. Officer Sullivan took possession of both Mr. Maloney and the .38. "It ain't mine," said George, indignantly. "I never saw it before.

Peter "Bummy" Goldstein and his inseparable companion, Walter Quinlan, came to an end quite in keeping with their activities as hi-jackers, terrorists, muscle-men and murderers in the famous old Valley District. "Bummy" was efficiently pistoled, as this photograph graphically chronicles, in a drug store in the Valley which he owned as a blind for his more remunerative but more dangerous activities. "Wallie" who was tried and acquitted for the murder of Paddy "The Bear" Ryan, boss of the old Valley Gang in pre-Volstead days, finally came to a full stop in a saloon shortly after he and "Bummy" had murdered Samuzzo "Samoots" Amatuna, Genna lieutenant, in a barber shop.

I heard the shooting and jumped behind this table for protection." A few days later Mr. Maloney regained his freedom on bonds and, just outside the county jail, met his boss, Michael "Bubs" Quinlan who shook hands and gave George a fresh .38, all nicely sawed-off and loaded. Now Maloney and "Bubs" devoted themselves to a search for other members of the Stanton gang, one of whom was the deceased McGovern's tough brother, Michael, who was reported to be living only for revenge. On March 20, 1929, three months later, "Bubs" and Maloney, driving in an automobile, came upon Danny Stanton standing on a corner talking with two friends, Raymond and William Cassidy, not hoodlums. They stood in front of the home of Miss Jewell Webb, Raymond's sweetheart. Well,

'Dingbat' Oberta goes for a Ride

Johnny "Dingbat" O'Berta and his body-guard Sammy Malaga left a roadhouse late one night with a "friend" sitting in the rear seat of their limousine. O'Berta got it first in the back of the head. Sammy tried to run away but he was "plugged" and his body thrown into a small creek. (Picture on opposite page.) Willie Niemoth is believed to have been the "friend" sitting in the rear seat. Niemoth is now in Baltimore where he was convicted and sentenced for a bank robbery.



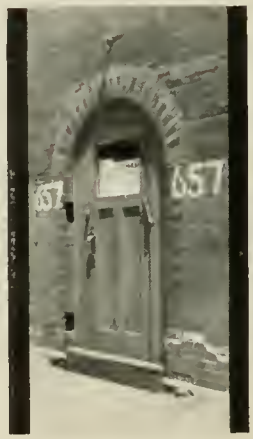
Sammy Malaga, body guard to Oberta, attempted to get away from the killer in the rear seat of their automobile. He didn't make it, as the photographs seem to indicate.

the shooting began, and Raymond Cassidy fell to the side-walk dead, victim of a bullet intended for Stanton. This dreadful marksmanship gave credence to the belief that Quinlan must have done the shooting, because Maloney had never been known to miss his man. Neither "Bubs" nor Maloney was arrested for this murder, but it inspired young Michael McGovern to more serious efforts to avenge his brother's death. How many attempts he made to kill Maloney will never be known, but he made several. One occurred on July 6, 1929, and was partly successful, for, when Maloney went on trial for the murders of McPadden and McGovern, he moved about on crutches. He

Frankie MacEarlane, Gangdom's most ruthless killer. Once a member of the Saltis mob, Frankie is now reported hustling beer for "Spike" O'Donnell, a Saltis enemy.

was in a greatly weakened condition, but the trial didn't last long. No witnesses could be produced who had seen Maloney and the .38 together, and he was acquitted. Although Maloney lived longer, he did not make any more public appearances with his .38, so we will bring his career to a close here. Early in 1929 he was sent to a hospital as the result of an automobile accident, in which he had attempted to knock an interurban train off its track. In the hospital he contracted pneumonia, an enemy which no .38 could beat back no matter how deftly handled, and George Maloney, killer de luxe, died on May 6, 1930, at the age of 38.

While "Bubs" and Maloney were regaling the South Side with gun-play, William "Klondike" O'Donnell was carrying on the West Side tradition for toughness. "Klondike," as we have chronicled, had surrounded himself with men so tough that he frequently saw fit to convince them that, while they were tough, he was much tougher, very much tougher. At this period "Klondike" was particularly troubled over the outside activities of George "Red" Barker, Mike Reilly, George Clifford, Frank "Si" Cawley and Thomas McElligot. Barker, a slugger for union officials in Chicago labor wars, had served a penitentiary sentence for his activities as a fist-slinger and terrorist. On his release he joined the "Klondike" mob and found beer-running child's play. With plenty of extra time on his hands "Red" conceived the idea of appropriating a few unions for himself, an idea which he disclosed to the other aforementioned four, who were enthusiastic. Presently these five very tough boys had ousted the officials of the coal teamsters and hikers union, and were now laying plans for appropriating control of the Mid-West Garage Owners' Association. This involved driving out Dave Albian, alias "Cock-eyed Mulligan." It was a hard job but they did it. A certain garage owner decided however that he would not get upon the Barker bandwagon, and one night while "Red" and his playmates were gunning for the recalcitrant one, they shot a garage attendant to death and severely wounded a policeman who had interferred. Eventually George went back to the penitentiary, not for the murder and shooting, but for violating his parole by leaving the state. He had fled to California. Well, with "Red" in Joliet, "Klondike" fell into a huddle over the matter and decided that now would be a good time to show "Red" how tough he was. He became determined on this course following the crazy murder on March 15, 1929, of William J. Vercoe by George Clifford. The murder occurred in the Pony Inn, 5613 West Roosevelt, scene of the McSwiggin assassination. Vercoe, known as "a clown for the hoodlums," loved to recite blood-and-thunder verse for the amusement of his gangster friends. On this occasion, Vercoe, well-plastered, stood at the bar reciting a certain verse in which one line was "You're a coward." When Vercoe came to this he unwittingly pointed to Mr. Clifford, who with Mike Reilly was drinking at the bar, and Mr. Clifford cried out, "who's a coward?" and before Mr. Vercoe could say "I didn't mean you," Mr. Clifford had shot and killed Mr. Vercoe. Well, this was too tough, and on April 14, 1929, Clifford and his bosom pal, Mike Reilly, went on a long, long ride. Their bodies were dumped in the alley behind the Hawthorne Hotel in Cicero. On May 29, 1929, somebody else beat them to Thomas McElligot. He was killed in the basement of a Loop saloon. On September 4, the end came for Mr. Frank "Si" Cawley, who was also taken for a ride. George "Red" Barker, released from the penitentiary later on, was a very much convinced man, and he is still believed well and healthy as a devoted "Klondike" henchman.



A Whoopee Joint all plastered.

ALL for AL and AL for ALL

The authors of this pleasant narrative have introduced you from time to time to their favorite evil men of Gangland—John Scalice and Albert Anselmi who, you will remember, were imported to Chicago from Southern Italy in 1925 by the Imperial Genna brothers. Scalice and Anselmi, grim and mirthless fellows, were a perfect definition of the word sinister. You would have been uncomfortable sitting in the same Yale bowl or Soldiers' Field with them—more uncomfortable than walking down a dark alley at midnight with "Little Hymie" Weiss or Schemer Drucci. On May 8, 1929, the sensational long run of the terrible drama called Scalice and Anselmi came to an abrupt end. Pumped full of bullets, burned and beaten, their bodies were found in a lonely stretch of country in the bleak Indiana state line district. Scalice and Anselmi with one, John Ginta, a Capone gangster, had been taken for a terrible ride, and one of the stories at the time had it that John and Albert had plotted to over-throw the Big Fellow himself. A coup was planned. Capone was to be seized at a given signal during a banquet held somewhere in Chicago. You can easily imagine what Scalice and Anselmi planned to do with him. The banquet began. The signal was given. All Capone henchmen arose but, instead of seizing the Big Fellow, they took possession of Scalice and Anselmi. Capone, it is said, did not believe the story of the treachery of these men until, sitting there behind the spaghetti, he witnessed the signal.

Eight days after the long, long ride of Scalice and Anselmi, the Chicago newspapers sizzled with the story of the arrest of Al Capone and his aide-de-camp, Frankie Rio, in Philadelphia charged with carrying concealed weapons. The arrests were made by detectives who had met Capone in Miami where, by this time, he had purchased and improved to suit his own peculiar needs, a vast estate. There was more sizzling when a day or so later, Al and Frank, were consigned to a county jail cell for one year. Along with the tidal wave of economiums on the efficiency of the Philadelphia police and courts, came the interesting current of rumor that King Capone had placed himself on the spot for the Philadelphians in order that he might have the comfort and security of a jail cell until the Valentine Massacre probe, investigation, "heat" or what have you had gone the way of most Chicago probes and investigations of Gangland's crimes. Public temperature was so high at this time that Capone did not want to be foot-loose anywhere, and he probably got the idea of going to jail from his old master, Johnny Torrio. But even in prison, whither he was consigned for one year, Capone could not entirely escape from the stench of the Valentine Massacre. Three months after his conviction the prison authorities began receiving letters from a garrulous and somewhat foolish lady addressed to the Big Fellow. In the course of prison routine these letters were opened and, because of the sensational nature of their contents, sent to State's Attorney John A. Swanson. The letters were written by Mrs. Frank Beige, recently wed. Her husband was sometimes described, correctly or incorrectly, as the Big Fellow's personal executioner. Beige may have been expert at handling a machine gun and in putting an enemy on the spot, but he was a terrible dub at handling women, particularly Mrs. Beige. Any way, without his knowledge, Mrs. Beige, rambled on and on something after the following manner:

"You know what Frank has done for you. He's got to get out of town pronto for the other mob are wise. His life isn't safe here. So you got to get us $10,000 in cash and do it quick."

Of course the Big Fellow never saw the letter, a fact which never occurred to the naive Mrs. Beige. When no reply came to this one, she wasted more paper and wrote on the following:

"I'm asking you for the last time to send that $10,000 and get it to us fast. Frank's sick of you leaving him to hold the bag. He can't get out of town without the cash and he can't stay here without being taken for a ride. You kick across or Frank will go to the police and spill what he knows. Remember: everything."

In thus talking out of turn Mrs. Beige made a great many wild and reckless statements about what Frank thought and would do. Frank, as a matter of fact, did not know how little wifey was trying to help him along. When the Big Fellow failed to kick in the $10,000 she again addressed him:

"All right. You're just as good as putting Frank on the spot, by leaving us stranded here. Well, how'll you like getting the finger on yourself? Frank's going to tell everything he knows. He remembers fifteen shootings he did because you ordered him to do them. He's going to tell just who killed McSwiggin for a starter. And he's going to tell about why you had him bump Ben Newmark—be-

Ralph Capone, older brother of Al Capone, as he appeared with his attorneys recently during his trial and conviction for an income tax fraud. Ralph was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

Frank Del Bond, believed to have slain three Capone gangsters in a saloon in the famous Easter Day massacre of 1930. Arrested as a suspect he was lndicted largely on the testimony of Chicago's ballistic expert, who said that a pistol found in Del Bond's room was the one which fired the fatal bullets. In this picture Del Bond is being questioned by Coroner Herman N. Bundesen. Lower photograph shows police looking at the spot where the bodies were found.

cause you'd heard that Ben wanted to steal your racket and had put up a cash offer to the man that got you. Yes, and then he's going to tell about your sending him to New York, along with others to let daylight through Frankie Yale. Of course he's going to sing about that Valentine day affair And how are you going to like that Mr. Al Brown."

Of course Mrs. Beige was required to come to Mr. Swanson's office, where, confronted with these letters, she continued in an even higher crescendo with the result that she was kept in semi-custody by detectives for fear that something might happen to her. Her husband was eventually arrested and held for three days. Strangely enough no lawyers came forward to attempt his release. But Frankie Beige stood up and took it on the chin, which is why, maybe, that he's still a member of Capone's gang. What he said in response to questions was, in effect, that his wifey was just trying to make some easy dough, by shooting off her mouth. Mr. Beige had never met Mr. Capone and Mrs. Beige was crazy when she said that he used to sleep out in the corridor of Capone's room in the Hotel Metropole until relieved by another guard, Louis "Little New York" Campagnia.

Capone and Frankie Rio did not return to Chicago until March of 1930. During the interval little of importance occurred in the Big Fellow's realm either as regards business or blood-shed. His affairs seemed, indeed, to prosper while those of his enemies, the Aiello-Moran outfit, seemed to be afflicted by an evil fortune. The "Enforcer" of the Big Fellow's business, Frank Nitti and Hymie "Loud Mouth" Levine held forth from headquarters in the Lexington hotel, deciding with finality who should be killed, who should be bombed, whose trucks should be hi-jacked. One of the more sensational, though unimportant, affrays during the lull was between Tommy McNichols and Jimmy "Bozo" Schupe, small time West Side bootleggers. On July 31 Tommy and Bozo held a duel on Madison street, Tommy standing on one side and Bozo on the other. They killed each other. James Walsh, a beer-runner, was murdered in December by Charles "Babe" Baron after a prize-fight at which Walsh, during an altercation, slapped "Babe" with his fists. Two days later the body of Patrick King, criminal of sorts, was found in the deserted gambling joint owned by Terry O'Connor on South Wabash Avenue. On January 27, 1930, Johnny Genaro, a grade "C" bomber for the Capone outfit, was put on the spot by James Belcastro, another Capone bomber, but did not die. Johnny and Belcastro have since made up and are getting along nicely, according to reports. If you hear any loud noises it may be Johnny and Jimmy. On February 3, 1930, Joseph Cada, companion of Jimmy Walsh on the night Walsh was killed, was shot to death in his automobile near the Green Mill Cafe, a famous whoopee joint where incidentally, at that time, Texas Guinan was holding forth. The next day Julius Rosenheim, supposedly an informer, was filled with bullets and dumped into a snow bank near his home, and all was quiet until February 24, when Frankie MacEarlane, in a hospital under an assumed name, was be-set by

Frank Hitchcock, the Burnham bootlegger who tried to operate "on his own" was found slain in the rear of the home of Johnny Patton, the "boy mayor" of Burnham, and a close friend of Capone.

three "rats" (as he called them) as he lay in bed, one foot propped high in the air in a cast. Frankie chased them off with a couple of .45's he had managed to conceal from the authorities. How did Frankie get his foot all shot up, and how did he get in a hospital for treatment without the shooting getting into the papers. True enough the hospital authorities reported that they had a patient suffering from an accidental shooting. But, when the police came to look over the patient, they didn't recognize Mr. Frankie MacEarlane.

"Who tried to kill you?" asked the police after the shooting. Frankie looked at his questioners in great disgust. Instead of answering directly he began a volley of oaths, half to himself. "Can you imagine the rats trying to get me—me, Frank MacEarlane!" And then, looking toward the police, he added: "You'll find 'em in a ditch some of these days." The assailants of MacEarlane had climbed a fire-escape to get into his room. While Frankie was in the Bridewell hospital, where the police took him on a charge of disorderly conduct, the Gangdom and political circles were startled to read in the morning papers of the passing from this life of Johnny "Dingbat" Oberta, on March 6, just ten days after the attempt to kill MacEarlane. Oberta was not found in a ditch, however, although his body guard, Malaga was removed from a water-filled ditch. Willie Niemoth, a member of Saltis mob, at that time sought for complicity in a bank robbery in Maryland, was reported to have done the job for MacEarlane. Another suspect, "Big Earl" Herbert, also a Saltis mobster disgruntled over the authority of the "sneaking nasty-nice Dingbat" was suspected of having done Frankie a good turn. During his questioning Herbert deplored the fact that "Dingbat" insisted on going about in a limousine. "He should have got himself a roadster," said Big Karl. "Why so?" asked Commissioner Stege. "Oh, so that his friends couldn't ride behind him," replied Herbert.

William Dickman, once a member of the Saltis gang was regarded as a traitor because he deserted to the Sheldon mob. Here's how they punished him.

What have you got on me Chief?

Alphonse Capone, released from a Philadelphia jail, set Chicago on its ears, when he appeared unheralded in the office of John Stege, Commissioner of Detectives, and blandly inquired if he was wanted for anything. Capone with his attorney was then escorted to the Federal building where the same question was put to the United States District Attorney. On the same night Gangdom banqueted the Big Fellow and the slogan was made "All for Al and Al for All."

While small armies of newspaper reporters, movie-tone representatives and other chroniclers of the merrie tayles of the day camped outside the prison from which Capone was to be released in March, the Big Fellow contrived with the aid of the prison authorities to slip away unobserved. There was a great hue and cry all over the land. What had happened to the king of the underworld? Had the gangsters bumped him off—yet? Where was he hiding? Certainly he couldn't remain undiscovered for very long. The Big Fellow was too big. Would he return to Chicago? The authorities hadn't asked him about that Valentine day affair yet? "He's not in Chicago, nor will he be," said Deputy Commissioner of Police John Stege. "I've given orders to arrest him on sight and throw him in the can. If he comes here there won't be a moment's peace for him, and he knows it." Four days pass.

(Upper photograph) Gangland's most famous widow, Mrs. Florence O'Berta, married the "Dingbat" after the murder of her first husband, Big Tim Murphy. Now she mourns the passing of the "Dingbat." (Lower) The blonde Alibi of Jack McGurn. Louise Rolfe was arrested in a room in the Stevens Hotel with Jack McGurn, believed to have operated one of the machine guns which mowed down seven North Side gangsters in the Valentine Day Massacre.

"Hello, chief, what have you got on me?" well, well, I'll be damned, if it isn't the Big Fellow himself, right here in Chicago, sitting in the office of Mr. Stege. With him were a couple of lawyers, a group of politicians but no visible body guard. After a time the Commissioner permitted the reporters and photographers to pour in. The Big Fellow sat and smoked a cigar while they plied him with questions, most of which elicited merely a cold look from him.

Commissioner Stege accompanied Capone to the office of the United States district attorney where the same questions were asked by the Big Fellow, and apparently, received the same response as from Mr. Stege, for the Big Fellow went free. The reporters tried, but failed apparently to keep up with him, for he disappeared. A few days later it was reported that King Capone's return to Chicago had been principally to effect lasting peace in the half-world, and that every mobster of importance in the city including the Moran-Aiello mob, had been represented at a famous banquet and truce, where again pacts were made and agreements effected. Exactly what transpired at this famous meeting will never be known unless the Big Fellow can find time enough some day between his Miami court appearances to dictate his memoirs. These undoubtedly would make excellent reading and would probably reveal the Big Fellow as much less of an ogre and bugaboo than he is generally regarded. The Big Fellow might turn out to be not quite so big, and maybe others you never heard of would grow and grow into the craziest proportions you could imagine. Certainly the Big Fellow frowns on a big casualty list in the ordinary course of operation, and who can say that at the famous truce and party he did not insist that there be only one or two bombings per week, or one killing per gang every thirty days? Also that these measures be taken when all other less violent ones, had failed? Business is business, whether grocer or bootlegger and King Al is no grocer. At any rate the representatives who attended the Big Fellow's banquet went away with some new ideas in their heads, and a slogan on their lips, ALL FOR AL, AND AL FOR ALL. Within a few days the Big Fellow had disappeared again to turn up finally in his palatial home in Miami, Florida, where he has remained to this writing. Much of his time is spent resisting the authorities in their indefatigible attempts to bring about his retirement from the community.

Restaurant at 2222 South Wabash Avenue, once a saloon and brothel owned by Alphone Capone.

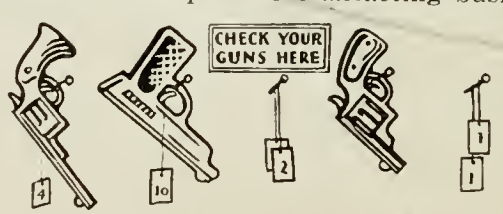
For months Gangland was more quiet than it had ever been and then, over on the North Side came rumors of dissention in the Moran ranks. Teddy Newberry, first lieutenant of Moran in charge of the bourbon brigade, became embroiled in a squabble over profits. Teddy complained that he wasn't being "cut" in according to his deserts, and "Bugs" was unable to effect a settlement. One fine summer day Teddy told Moran to go to hell, and a few days later Teddy discovered an attempt was being made to kill him in his apartment on Pine Grove on the North Side. A few days later Benny Bennett a tough boy just out of New York received a telephone call, supposedly from a spokesman for "Bugs" to meet him at a certain place, and

Benny hasn't been seen or heard from since the telephone rang. On November 17, the body of Johnny "Billiken" Rito, a Newberry bourbon hustler, who had formerly worked for the Gennas, was found floating down the Chicago river. The manner in which "Billiken" had been disposed of was unusually horrible, for he had been thoroughly chopped up and the pieces bound together with hay-wire. The disappearance of Bennett together with the later absence of another Newberry aid, Harry Higgins who hailed from St. Paul, gave credence to the grim rumor that Gangland killers, seeking to destroy the corpus delicti, had established a crematory somewhere on the Near North Side where business competitors and disgruntled gangsters were incinerated into the ashes of oblivion. Ah, a new spirit in Gangland! Who said that killers have no imagination? At this writing New York friends of Benny Bennett are running around town with long faces offering rewards for word of their missing playmate who would come out west. Newberry eventually stepped into the Capone inner circles, taking with him Signor Frank Citro, he of the motionless eyes and expressionless face, better known as Frankie Foster. "All we ever got from 'Bugs' was a reputation," explained Teddy and Frankie. Well, the war was on again. Moran and the Aiellos pressed northward into the great roadhouse and summer resort area in the Northwest suburbs.

Willie Niemoth and Frankie MacEarlane may have been important cogs in Joe Saltis' beer machine but they were bank robbers under the skin. Niemoth was seized in Chicago recently and hurried under heavy guard to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was convicted in short order of complicity in a pay roll robbery three years ago. Niemoth is believed to have slain Johnnie "Dingbat" Oberta as a personal favor for McEarlane.

The first shot in the new war, now going, was fired on May 31, and the victim, Peter Plescia, an Aiello organizer and collector, fell dead in the mouth of an alley. On May 31, Phillip Gnolfo, former Genna killer had been a pall-bearer at Angelo's funeral, was slain in his automobile. A few hours later on the same day two more Aiello boys bit the bricks—Samuel Monistero and Joseph Ferrari. On June 1 came deadly reprisals in the sensational Fox Lake Massacre. Four men and a woman, Mrs. Vivian Ponic McGinnis, wife of an attorney, sat around a table in a roadhouse. Suddenly one of the men, turning his head saw a machine gun pointed towards him. He got up and began running. The rattle of the machine gun began and he went down, as did two of his companions. The woman was seriously wounded. One of the victims was Sam Pellar, who, you will remember used to work as a chauffeur and handy man for "Little Hymie" Weiss and was walking across the street with his boss on the famous day that "Little Hymie" fell before machine gun fire. Joseph Bertsche, brother of Barney Bertsche, was another victim as was Michael Quirk. George Druggan, brother of the famous Terry Druggan was terribly wounded and he is at this writing in a hospital fighting for his life. A few hours later in Chicago Thomas Somnerio, Capone leader, was strangled to death and his body flung in an alley on the West Side. One of the mourners for Mr. Somnerio was a Gangland Queen, Margaret Mary Collins, who had been the sweetie for five other gangsters, all departed. Somebody put Somnerio on the spot, and it was said that a woman had done it. More horror was produced by Gangland four days later when a river tug churned up the hay-wired body of Eugene "Red" McLaughlin. Aloysius Kearney, hard-boiled gangster doing a specialty business in labor racketeering, became the cause of another murder mystery when his bullet-ridden body was discovered on the morning of June 9.

Kearney had been a friend of "Red" McLaughlin and an unsuccessful effort was made to find a connection between the murders. From bills in his pocket it was disclosed that he was a collector for the National Garage Owners' Association. It was this association which, a few weeks before, had inspired criticism from the then Commissioner of Police, William Russell and Col. Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, for waging a campaign to have all automobiles found parked at night without lights towed into garages. The cost would be $5.00 to the car owners—a pleasant racket which, strangely enough, didn't go over. Samuel Maltz, president of the association, questioned by police said: "I'm strictly a business man. There is no racketeering or hoodlumism connected with my organization. I didn't know Kearney very well. He had worked for me only for a week. I was paying him $40 a week to collect bills. Don't give me any hoodlum talk. I'm a business man and don't go for that." It was becoming warmer and warmer in Chicago's loop at this time for those gentlemen of the gat. Jail sentences instead of the customary fines were being handed out. As a result of this, hoodlums hit upon a practice of parking their automatics in cigar stores, speakeasies and other places just outside the loop while transacting business.



What the no loop parking law means to gangsters.

'Jake' LINGLE

The elimination of Racketeer Aloysius Kearney on the morning of June 9 was hot stuff and it sizzled on the front pages of all the newspapers up until 1 o'clock—the hour when Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Big Shot police reporter for the Chicago Tribune, was assassinated in the midst of a crowd in a subway station, just off Michigan Boulevard.

After this Racketeer Aloysius Kearney's demise was relegated to the inside pages or even kicked out of the papers altogether. Compared to the murder of a newspaper reporter, the murder of a racketeer was absolutely insignificant. Are not racketeers knocked off every day in Chicago? Now who had ever heard of a newspaper reporter being put on the spot?

Well here it was at last. City editors all over the land looked at the flashes and told themselves that Gangland had at last stepped over the deadline. The underworld at last had tried to intimidate the upperworld! What would those cynics say now—those cynics who were always coolly pointing out that gangsters never killed any except gangsters? The murder of Reporter Jake Lingle, thought the city editors, would surely inspire Chicago now!

Well, there you are. It seemed obvious—as obvious as a bill-board that debonair Jake Lingle was murdered for only one reason—that he was a newspaper reporter full of the low-down. It seemed to a tearful and sympathetic public that Jake Lingle was just another ordinary news hound. A good news hound of course, a first class one, but still just an ordinary police reporter—one of those seedy-looking chaps who plays cards up in the press room, and comes down to work every day with the ancient query—"What's doing chief?"

And so, with determination in their hearts to call this terrible threat from Gangland, they buried Jake Lingle—the martyr. It was a marvelous funeral. It was greater than the defiant funeral the underworld had thrown for amazing Dion O'Banion. It was greater than the laying away of "Little Hymie" Weiss or Schemer Drucci or Mike Genna or "Dingbat" Oberta. It was greater in every way, but it was greater most of all because it was a funeral on which the church did not turn thumbs down. In that one respect Gangland was terribly eclipsed. Jake Lingle, the reporter was buried by the Church. Gangland could not ignore that.

The funeral was held on June 12 from the home of the "martyred reporter," at 125 North Austin

"UNOFFICIAL CHIEF OF POLICE OF CHICAGO?"—This is the way Alfred (Jake) Lingle, reporter for the Chicago Tribune for eighteen years, has been described since his assassination on June 9 in a subway just off Randolph Street and Michigan Avenue. An investigation now under way may determine whether this sinister charge is true or not.

Avenue. One newspaperman who went there to weep as well as to write said that it was more befitting a field marshal than a modest newspaper man. Jake lay in a silver-bronze casket—better than the caskets in which Frankie Yale and Schemer Drucci had reposed. It was flanked by floral crosses and lighted candles and draped with an American Flag. Flowers! Flowers! They were everywhere! Jake would have liked that, for he loved flowers and when he lived always had them in his lapel and in his rooms. A police reporter who loved flowers!

But the most impressive touch of all—a touch which had never graced the funeral of an underworld king—was the long, long procession of policemen which marched in the funeral. There were cops everywhere, everywhere. They rode on horses, they marched solemnly in line, white-gloved, swinging their sticks. And behind them in beautiful symmetry came representatives from the fire department. Behind the fire department came the bands! What racketeer in heaven or in hell could boast that a band had marched behind his mortal remains? But Jake had four Great Lakes Naval bands and three bands from as many posts of the American Legion. And Jake, the reporter who had been murdered by Gangland, also had a military escort.

PUT ON THE SPOT—Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Tribune reporter, was shot down in a subway, just off Randolph Street and Michigan Boulevard at 1 o'clock in the afternoon as he, with a blond youth, were hurried along with a crowd towards a train bound for the races at Washington Park. The "blond" youth stepped back a few paces, whipped out a snub-nosed revolver, shot Jake in the head, killing him instantly.

The terrible truth that the bloody hand of Gangland had struck below the belt this time came upon those who saw the two beautiful little children of Jake Lingle as they tried to play in the sunshine on the front lawn. Big Shots from the upperworld came to pay respects to Jake—Arthur W. Cutten, the stock broker who could lose 15 million in a day, and Oscar E. Carlstrom, the attorney general, and Samuel A. Ettelson, the corporation counsel, who was said to be the power behind the throne in Chicago municipal affairs, and a small army of the toilers from the staff of the Tribune where Jake had worked for eighteen years. William Russell, commissioner of police, headed the pallbearers. Jimmy Murphy, veteran reporter, lifted his hands to the casket as it was borne out of the flower-filled room, as did Eddie Johnson the ace "photog" for the Tribune. The long funeral cortege formed at Garfield Park and Central Park Avenue and moved impressively down Jackson Boulevard to Our Lady of Sorrows church. Pageantry of flags. Muffled drums! Ah! Let Gangland see this and tremble! The casket bearing Reporter Jake Lingle was lifted from the hearse and borne into the church. Attention! The detachment of Illinois naval reserves led by Capt. Edward Evers and Lieutenant Commander Elmer Carlson stiffened! So did the Legion units, the Peoples Gas, Commonwealth Edison, Board of Trade and Medill-Tribune posts, each in brilliant uniform. The Very Rev. Jerome Mulhorn, a close friend of this reporter whose friendships were endless celebrated the requiem high mass, and when the services were over the military escort again formed. Led by the mounted police the escort marched again down Jackson Boulevard to Garfield Park to disband. The funeral cortege proceeded on the Mount Carmel, where the sailor lads, standing at the grave of Jake Lingle, the reporter, fired a salute. A naval bugler sounded taps, and that was the burial of Jake Lingle—reporter.

Reporter? Yes, indeed a reporter, but what else? The clods of freshly turned earth on Jake Lingle's grave had scarcely dried and crumbled to dust when Jake Lingle, the reporter, scrutinized on page one, began to turn into Jake Lingle, racketeer. Tragically enough, it became increasingly apparent that suave Jake Lingle, for eighteen years a reporter in the shadowy realm of Gangland, had himself been touched by the shadows.

That "martyr" funeral had been held too soon—three days too soon. It soon became apparent as the financial affairs of the sixty-five dollar a week police reporter were spread out under the big headlines that Jake Lingle's funeral belonged to Gangland. Alas! Alas! The better element this time had given a racketeer a funeral—and the swellest of them all!

It seemed incredible and yet the facts eloquently told that it was true. In less than three years the sixty-five-dollar reporter—a salary commensurate with his ability, his newspaper said—had deposited to his personal account approximately $60,000. An appalled and fascinated public—fascinated because it was felt that now the mystery of Gangland was about to be dispelled—saw, under those headlines, the amazing story of the murdered reporter's frenzied stock market speculations—how, in 1929, he had run up a paper profit of $85,000. His stock market flights with his friend, the police commissioner, William F. Russell! . . . The diamond belt—a gift from Al Capone. Could it be true that he had been a friend of the Big Fellow? Well, well, well! Now there was the time during the McSwiggin case when they had the Big Boy in custody over there in the state's attorney's office, and the Big Boy would take no food—except what Jake Lingle went out and got for him. Of course he was a friend of Capone.

A great moral outcry! Imagine a newspaper man, working for a nominal salary, on assignments necessitating association day after day, week after week, year after year, with men whose pockets were stuffed with money, who could betray his newspaper, who could fall before temptation. Oh, well, the moralists have it!

As an aftermath of this discovery that

JAKE LINGLE BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS. The funeral of "Jake" Lingle, Chicago Tribune reporter, slain by Gangsters, was one of the most impressive ever held in Chicago. One newspaper described it as befitting a Field Marshal. Lingle was buried a martyr. Since the funeral an investigation has disclosed that he was murdered, not because he was a reporter, but in spite of it.

Jake Lingle, reporter also was Jake Lingle racketeer, and, to borrow a phrase, the unofficial chief of police of Chicago," the Commissioner of Police, William Russell resigned his job. So did Deputy Commissioner of Detectives, John Stege, the brave and dauntless fellow who had slapped Louie (State and Madison Street) Alterie in the face. The righteous demanded that they resign. A new commissioner, Captain John Alcock was appointed. Mayor Thompson told him to run the crooks and the gangsters out of town, and he began by raising hell with the police department. Another shakeup. His subordinate Deputy Commissioner Norton, ably assisted. States Attorney John A. Swanson commissioned Pat Roche, famous federal investigator, to solve the Lingle murder.

Alphonse Capone, the Big Fellow of Gangland, taking it easy in Florida where he has a great estate.

The investigation looked good in its early stages but later developments indicated rather plainly that some of the many resolutions which many organizations had passed concerning Jake's high moral character were rather premature.

It was found that the snub-nosed .38, with which the racketeering reporter had been assassinated, had been purchased months before by our old acquaintances, Frankie Foster and Teddy Newberry, the disgruntled Moran henchmen who had deserted to enlist under the banner of the Big Fellow.

Foster was apprehended in Los Angeles, whither he had fled two days after the murder with a naive explanation "This town's too hot for me." During the investigation Jack Zuta, the Moran lieutenant, was taken into custody and questioned at the detective bureau. When his inquisitors were done with him, he strolled up to Lieutenant George Barker, who had arrested him, and said, "They'll kill me before I can get to Madison Street. You brought me here, now take me back."

"Oh, I'll take you as far as Madison," said Barker, and they started—Zuta in the rear seat accompanied by Solly Vision, with Albert Bratz in the front seat.

Zuta had good grounds for his fears. Bullets soon started to fly about brilliantly lighted State Street, a street-car motorman was killed, an innocent bystander wounded, but Mr. Zuta slipped away unhurt, as did the attacking automobile with the aid of a smoke screen.

Jack Zuta was, however, living on borrowed time, and on August 1st he was shot to death where he had been hiding since the State Street episode at a resort hotel on upper Nemahbin lake, near Waukesha. His lieutenant, Solly Vision, has not been seen or heard from, and it is rumored that he also has been slain. Papers taken from Zuta's clothing indicated that boozedom's profits are still good as indicated on a balance sheet of July 23, 1930, which showed a profit of $35,225.00. Albert Bratz, in whose home Zuta had been hiding and whose automobile Zuta had been using, has also disappeared. Zuta's connection with the Lingle slaying is still a mystery as far as the public is concerned. Chicago police intimate that Zuta's death might have been due to the Capone gangs intention of taking control of the north side booze territory of the Moran gang and some significance was attached to the recent return of Alphonse Capone to Chicago.

"Who Killed Jake Lingle and Why?" is as big a mystery as ever. Maybe it will eventually take its place up there with the other Big Question, "Who Killed McSwiggin and Why?"

ERRATUM: Since the printing of the Chapter on McSwiggin, the authors have learned that Harry Madigan, former owner of the saloon in front of which William McSwiggin was killed, has been incorrectly quoted on page 28 regarding his relations with Al Capone.

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